

# FRANK READE



WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea & in the Air.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for Second-Class Entry at N. Y. Post Office.*

No. 81.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE ISLAND IN THE AIR; OR, FRANK READE, JR.'S TRIP TO THE TROPICS.

*By "NONAME."*



Frank writhed in his bonds. He saw the Trap suddenly dart forward. A dozen of the Romans were aboard, and their leader had been examining the keyboard. By the merest chance he turned the lever. Instantly the vehicle shot forward.



# FRANK READE

## WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CONTAINING STORIES OF ADVENTURES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR.

*Issued weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for second class entry at the New York, N. Y., Post Office Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1904, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square New York.*

No. 81.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

# THE ISLAND IN THE AIR;

OR,

## Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to the Tropics.

By "NONAME."

### CHAPTER I.

#### DR. VANEYKE'S PROJECT.

By referring to a map one can find a range of high mountains far down in Venezuela, or properly that part of British Guiana claimed by the Venezuelans, known as the Raraima range.

Many strange legends and weird fantasies are entertained by the "Gringos," regarding these mountains. They are the subject of local song and story.

No human being has ever explored them. As a general thing, no man has dared to venture into these wilds, which are in the main also quite inaccessible.

What the Hartz mountains are to Germany, the Raraima peaks are to the superstitious and morbidly religious natives. If a Gringo mother wished to quell a wayward child she would threaten to send it to Raraima. If a pestilence entered the valleys of the Orinoco, it was due to the evil powers which dwelt in Raraima.

It was told that Raraima was a perfect wonderland. That there were streams which flowed over ledges of gold, cliffs

studded with diamonds, a lake bedded with emeralds, and many other wonderful things.

In a number of instances the cupidity of some hardy spirits had been aroused by these tales, and some adventurous ones had ventured to seek out the mountain, El Dorado, and despoil it of its wealth.

But that they never succeeded was certain, for they never returned to tell the tale of their journeyings.

One important and truthful fact was established, however, by several parties of English surveyors.

There existed a mighty tableland or elevation unlike any other in the world. It covered an immense area, being over one hundred miles in length and fully as wide in some parts. This "island in the air," as it was called, was far above the surrounding country: in fact, so much so that the dwellers in the valleys saw fleecy clouds often descend and kiss the elevation.

The most wonderful thing about the tableland of Raraima was that it was utterly impossible to climb up to it. Upon all sides were sheer walls of granite, as smooth as a floor, and up which even no wild animal, however alert on foot or tenacious of grip, could climb.

This sheer wall of rock was in places fully three thousand feet high, and seldom less than one thousand feet. But far up on that island in the clouds there was vegetable and animal life and a climate necessarily cooler than that of the country below.

Waving palms and verdure-clad heights could be seen. Whether any pre-historic people or animals of an extinct species found a home there it was not safe to hazard a guess.

Yet it seemed not beyond the range of possibility that this plateau, probably beyond the reach of that destroying genius—man—yet held forms of flora and fauna peculiar to a past age. Perhaps the megatherium yet found a home there, or the ichthyosaurus, or the plesiosaurus, or some other outlandish and unknown creatures. The mere thought of the thing, the faint possibility in itself, had been sufficient to fire one scientist's brain and arouse him to determined action.

Dr. James Vaneyke, the distinguished president of the Columbian Scientific Society, had sifted the matter carefully and arrived at a heroic conclusion.

What to him were the stories of hobgoblins and fiends, of weird shadows and awful monsters, so popular with the Gringos? He regarded them as mere vagaries—empty legends of an ignorant and superstitious people.

So he passed in silence over them and considered only a feasible way of reaching the summit of this most wonderful plateau in the world.

He took a trip to the Raraima region and made as extended a tour of exploration and investigation as it was safe for him to undertake alone. He at once became imbued with the fever to explore the "island in the air."

In his quandary he sat down and wrote a long letter to a very dear and distinguished friend of his in the United States, by the name of Frank Reade, Jr.

This was a young man and the most wonderful genius on the face of the globe. He was known as the inventor of the Electric Horse, the Steam Man, the Submarine Boat, and many other wonderful things.

Readestown was his home, one of the prettiest little towns in the United States. Here were his machine works and here he perfected his inventions.

Dr. Vaneyke wrote him a long and glowing account of Raraima and its unexplored wonders.

"It will be the greatest feat of the age," he argued in conclusion; "only think of the benefit to science. Now you are the genius who can solve the enigma of climbing Raraima. Will you not undertake the project? Invent an air-ship, a

climbing vehicle, anything by which we can get to the summit of the tableland. I shall be at Demerara in one week. Write me there, and I beg of you give this proposition your best consideration.

Yours always,

"JAMES VANEYKE."

When this letter reached Readestown Frank Reade, Jr., was in the act of having the last touch put upon his new overland "Trap," a marvelous production of his inventive genius, as we shall see.

He was indeed glad to hear from his old friend, the professor, and read his letter with interest.

His first move after reading it was to touch a bell.

Instantly opposite doors into the room opened, and two men stepped over the threshold. One was a darky, with gleaming ivories and dancing eyes. The other was a genuine specimen of the Celt, with a shock of red hair and a comical mug.

"Did yo' ring fo' me, Marse Frank?"

"Shure was it fer me, sor?"

"Barney and Pomp," said Frank, "come over here and sit down."

"A'right, sah!"

"It's done, sor!"

"I have something of importance to say to you. The Trap is quite finished and ready for equipments."

"Yis, sor!"

Pomp nodded his head.

"You will remember that some days ago we were discussing the question as to an objective point for a trip. We have crossed Asia once, traveled in Africa, and journeyed over the plains. The Trap is the best vehicle we have yet perfected, and I am desirous of visiting some wonderful and unexplored part of the earth with it. We were not able to decide at that time."

"Shure, that's thrue, sor," cried Barney; "have yez hit upon a plan, sor?"

"I think I have."

With this, Frank read the professor's letter. This made Barney and Pomp quiver with excitement and interest.

"Whurree!" cried the Celt, "there's nothing better than a thrip to South Ameriky; shure, it's a foine idea!"

"Golly, I jes' tink dat takes de cake," cried Pomp. "The wif yo' on dat, sah!"

"Well," said Frank, with a smile, "now it's in order for you to get ready, so be off with you, and do not fail to have all the supplies aboard and everything ready in a week."

"Shure, we'll do that, sor."

"Ye may be sure ob dat."

Barney turned a handspring to the door, and Pomp followed on his hands. The two lively servitors vanished, and Frank took up his pen. Thus he wrote to Vaneyke:

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR: I have digested the contents of your letter with a great deal of pleasure. To say that I am deeply interested would be a mild statement. I have no air-ship at present, but I have just completed my 'Electric Trap,' a vehicle designed for rough traveling in a perilous country. I do not believe Raraïma holds perils which we cannot safely meet on board the Trap. It will give me pleasure to accede to your plan and travel through Raraïma, and I will make this suggestion and plan:

"You are to cable me immediately upon receipt of this letter; then I will pack the Trap in sections aboard a steamer for Demerara. There we may secure our passports, if that is necessary, and strike at once into the interior. So cable me via Havana as soon as you receive this.

"With my best regards, I am

"Yours faithfully,

"FRANK READE, JR."

In a few days the message came from Demerara, as Frank expected. Then work was begun.

The Trap was so constructed that it could be taken apart and stored in sections in a steamer's hold.

Of course the project leaked out and hundreds of interested people called at the works to get a glimpse of the vehicle or to catechise Frank.

But the young inventor with his customary reticence declined to make any explicit statement.

In due time the machine was safe aboard a New York steamer, and with Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp was en route for South America.

In due course also Demerara, the quaint little town at the mouth of the Essequibo River, was reached. Here the explorers went ashore.

At the quay they were met by a tall, fine-looking old gentleman of scholarly bearing.

"Dr. Vaneyke!" cried Frank. "I am overjoyed to see you!"

"I am so glad that you decided in my favor, Frank!" cried the enthusiastic scientist. "Why, I have not been able to sleep nights thinking about the project. It is grand!"

"We are all ready to start."

"First, let us go up and see the British governor and get our passports. A mere matter of form, you know."

No difficulty was experienced in this. Then the professor cried:

"But I am anxious to see this new invention."

"And you shall," replied Frank; "it is on the wharf now, and we will at once proceed to put it together."

So back they went to the steamer landing. As Frank said, the Trap in sections was on the wharf.

It was now in order to put the machine together, and no time was lost in at once accomplishing this.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN SOUTH AMERICA.

For this purpose Frank had brought skilled workmen with him from Readestown. They were to return by the next steamer.

The Electric Trap was made almost wholly of thin but tough steel. The body was long and deep, and furnished with windows of plate glass. The travelers could sit in the main compartment of the vehicle and look out upon either hand.

The Trap sat upon a light but powerful frame, including the running work. The wheels were of steel with ball bearings and rubber tires. There was a nicety of adjustment equal to that of a bicycle.

Above the main body of the Trap there was a deck, guarded by brass railings, which extended forward to a kind of dasher. Just back of this dasher was the pilot-house or steering tower of the machine.

The rear deck supported a cage-like structure of close network of wire which was bullet-proof. In this were loopholes, and from it a view in all directions could be had. There was a small quarter deck above it, on which was placed a gun of most wonderful construction, and Frank's own invention.

It was a pneumatic dynamite gun, and unlike the ordinary cannon utterly in the matter of weight and method of propulsion.

It was but a thin steel tube with a compressed-air chamber. The dynamite projectile was placed in the breech and hurled to easily a distance of half a mile by the action of the pneumatic chamber.

Impact caused the projectile or shell to explode with terrific effect.

The machine also boasted of an electric searchlight of great power and range. This was placed on top of the pilot-house.

The interior of the Trap was divided into several compartments.

Forward and under the pilot-house were the dynamos and electric engines, which furnished the motive power of the Trap. In the pilot-house was a keyboard with various electric connections, by which the machine was operated.

The Trap was well stocked with provisions, with arms and ammunition; in fact, all the necessary adjuncts for the hazardous trip before them.

Dr. Vaneyke was more than delighted with the Trap and its appointments.

"Indeed," he said, "it is just the thing for a journey into the interior of a wild region like Raraima. We may explore with impunity."

"You may feel perfectly safe aboard the Trap," declared Frank. "We could stand off an army, so long as we encountered no artillery."

"Then we are to start at once?" asked the doctor, delightedly.

"As soon as possible," replied Frank.

"I must go to the Hotel Colombo for my effects. It may require me a few hours to get in readiness."

"That is all right," replied Frank; "take your time. We will not be ready to set out for some while yet."

Away sped the doctor. Meanwhile the Trap was being rapidly fitted out.

This had drawn to the spot quite a crowd of wonder-struck natives. The Gringos were utterly unable to understand the character of the strange vehicle or the object of the travelers.

Frank did not feel called upon to enlighten any of them, so far aught we know it may yet remain a mystery with them to this day.

Within three hours the Trap was ready for the start.

Dr. Vaneyke returned, all ready for business. The workmen who were to return to the United States, via the West Indies, now took their leave.

"All aboard!" cried Frank Reade, Jr., and a great cheer went up in reply.

Aboard the Trap Barney and Pomp sprang, the scientist being already aboard. Then Frank went to the keyboard.

A firm pressure on the lever and the dynamos buzzed. The Trap moved forward into the main street of the town, and the journey was really begun.

Excited Gringos, and even many of the English population followed the machine, mostly afoot, but some were in carriages and others on horseback.

Through the streets of the little town the machine quickly

ran, and then came out upon the main highway. The open country now lay before them.

Along the banks of the Essequibo River, for a distance of fifty miles, the Trap ran.

They had now passed out of sight of any plantation or dwelling, and were on the verge of a tropical forest. The highway was becoming a mere trail.

"Another day's ride," said Frank, "and we shall be in the wilds. But I believe this is as good a place as we will find to cross the Essequibo."

"Then we shall cross here?" asked the scientist.

"Yes, but not until morning. Darkness comes on quickly in the tropics."

This well known fact was quite apparent. There was no other way but to wait for another morn.

"Begorra, I don't see how iver we are goin' fer ter cross at this spot," exclaimed Barney in amazement.

"Why not?" asked Frank.

"Shure sor, there's so much grass an' swamp, sor."

"We'll fix that all right," said Frank; "it will be easy."

"I must confess myself," said Dr. Vaneyke, "that I am somewhat at a loss to see how you are going to do it, Frank."

"Well," said the young inventor, "at an early hour to-morrow I'll show you."

"I shall wait with eagerness," replied the scientist.

But Pomp only chuckled.

"Golly!" he muttered, "don' yo' fret yo'sef. Marse Frank he know wha' he am about, yo' bet. Yo' kain't stump him not one lily bit."

The machine ran under the cover of a wide-spreading banyan. A chattering troop of monkeys fled into the branches.

Barney and Pomp amused themselves throwing sticks and clubs at these to see them dexterously catch the object.

"Bejabbers, naygur," cried Barney in a chatting way, "there's wau av thim as black as ye are."

"Huh!" grunted the coon. "Dar am one hab got yo' face fo' a suttin fae'."

Frank and Vaneyke heard this and could not help a laugh, for the assertion was very apt. There was certainly a striking physiognomical resemblance.

This made the Celt mad.

Now if there was one thing the two delighted in, it was a rough and tumble or wrestle. For this reason there was hardly an opportunity lost for the nagging of each other as a means of provocation.

But here was sufficient motive.

"Be me sowl!" ejaculated the Celt; "do yez mune that for an insult, yez black son av a say cook?"

"Yo' 'sulted me fus' off, sah," retorted Pomp. "I reckon ye' bettah not say much."

"Begorra. I will that, an' in a way yez won't loike!"

"Huh! Yo' kain't hurt nobody, sah!"

"Bejabers, we'll see!"

The Celt made a dive for the elusive negro.

But Pomp lowered his head and caught the other full in the pit of the stomach. Gasping for wind Barney sat down hard. For a moment he was at Pomp's mercy and the negro danced around him like a moukey.

The monkeys in the branches set up a loud hooting and chattering.

"Does yo' hear dat, sah?" jeered Pomp. "Dere dey am larfin' at yo' fo' a no good stuff!"

"Be me sowl I'll have your skin fer that!" shouted the Celt, springing up and grabbing the darky by the knees.

Both fell, and then ensued a lively struggle. Over and over the two jokers rolled until an unlooked-for mishap occurred.

They failed to see a deep mud hole, toward which they were working. Frank shouted just too late. Into it they rolled kersplash.

When they crawled sputtering out, they were sober and a sight to behold as well.

It required an hour's hard work to clean the mud from their persons. For once they had come out even.

Darkness now settled rapidly down. Not but a little of the river could be seen over the tall growth of sawgrass.

A night in the tropics is always a trifle damp and prolific of fevers. So our voyagers retired early to rest.

The next morning at an early hour they were astir.

It was now that Frank was to show them how the river was to be crossed. Dr. Vaneyke in particular was much interested.

The Trap was so constructed that it would float in water without any particular harm to itself or its occupants. But the sawgrass was the great obstacle.

This covered a width of fully a quarter of a mile down to the water's edge. But Frank was not daunted.

He had seen what the others had not, and this was a narrow channel leading out through the expanse of grass. He sent the machine forward to the verge of this.

Then he went up on deck and placed a dynamite shell in the electric gun. This he trained upon the channel, and pressed the electric button.

The result was thrilling.

The shell struck about half way in the channel. There

was a terrific roar and an eruption of water, grass and mud. Water rushed in from the river, and the channel was broadened to a width of twenty feet for a distance of many yards.

Another and another of the shells Frank fired until the entire channel down to the river's edge was wide enough for the passage of the Trap.

Dr. Vaneyke stared and rubbed his hands in excitement.

"By Haman!" he exclaimed. "You are a genius, Frank! I should never have thought of surmounting the difficulty in such a way as that."

"That was a simple method," replied the young inventor.

Then Barney and Pomp brought paddles from the cabin and fitted to the axles of the machine. Frank then let it slide down into the water.

A moment later it was floating down the channel toward the river with ease and safety.

### CHAPTER III.

#### RARAIMA—POMP'S ASSAILANT.

Fortunately the other bank of the Essequibo was devoid of saw-grass so that the trouble of blowing a way to shore was avoided.

A good landing place was found and the Trap ran ashore. The paddles were removed, the wheels cleaned of mud and grass, and all was in readiness for the continuation of the journey.

Frank's method of overcoming obstacles was much admired by the doctor, who said:

"You are the man to explore Raraima and live to tell of it."

They now came to a series of plantations on the upper side of the Essequibo. For fifty miles or more there continued signs of civilization.

Then a mountain trail was reached, and here the travelers fell in with pack-trains and even gangs of men on foot who were en route to the gold fields.

All of these were naturally much astonished at sight of the Trap. It was a species of vehicle which they had never seen before.

From these gold-seekers our friends learned something about Raraima. The miners were amazed to learn that this was their objective point.

They predicted dire things for the venturesome travelers, at all of which Frank only smiled.

"They do not understand our resources," he said.

Up the long ascent, and over the mountain range the Trap made its way. Progress was necessarily slow on account of the character of the ground.

But once at the highest point of this watershed, a glimpse of the region to the northward was had. A great cry went up.

There, stretching in a long, dim, hazy line, and far above them, was the precipitous mountain wall of the great Raraima plateau.

"Grand!" exclaimed Frank, involuntarily. "Far beyond my most sanguine expectation."

"Is it not?" cried Professor Vaneyke, excitedly. "Did I paint too exaggerated a picture?"

"Never!" replied Frank rapturously. "it is simply grand. But how far distant?"

"Seventy miles."

"I should judge about that. I am confronted by one serious problem."

"Ah!"

"I realize more than ever that we should have come here with an air-ship. How to get the Trap up there is a question."

"Do you think it is going to be a serious question?" asked the scientist anxiously. "We will not fail?"

"Fail?" exclaimed Frank. "Well, I think not. By hook or by crook we will certainly get up there. We will find a way."

"Judging from your usual method of surmounting obstacles, I have no fear you will overcome this."

"I will try."

Below them lay a long and beautiful valley. There were mesas in the far distance where were the gold fields and the destination of the miners.

Ordinarily this would have claimed the interest and attention of the travelers, but now the wonders of Raraima lay before them.

It was necessary now to diverge from the gold trail, and strike directly into the mystic wilderness, so awesome and dreadful to the Gringos.

From this moment thrilling adventures befell the party with marvelous rapidity.

Down long reaches the Trap sped, and as they descended, every moment Raraima seemed to grow higher and more imposing.

They were entering upon a veritable wonderland. The forests were high arched, and while clear below were a complete bower of clinging vines and foliage above.

Among the leafy arcade monkeys and paroquets played

with great din and zest. Emerging from the forest, a grassy interval would be next in order, where there were treacherous quags and bog holes. It was necessary to be constantly on the watch.

Barney officiated at the wheel most of the time. He was quick and skillful and succeeded well in evading pitfalls.

Thus the Trap kept on at various rates of speed for another day.

When nightfall came it seemed as if the "island in the air" was towering right over them—though it was yet fifty miles away.

Frank and Dr. Vaneyke fell to studying it with their glasses.

"On my word," declared the young inventor. "I had no idea that it was such a mighty work of nature. What sheer walls of granite! It is true that not even a mountain goat could climb them!"

"Just so!" cried the scientist; "we have work before us, Frank."

"That is true!"

"It will cost us an effort to get up there, eh? It is a feat well worthy our ability, eh?"

"I am not sure that we shall succeed," said Frank; "do you know that the wall is everywhere as inaccessible?"

"It is said to be so."

"The first and only move that we can make, as I see it, is to first examine the wall upon all sides."

"It will require a journey of fully three hundred miles to encircle the plateau."

"It matters not," said Frank, resolutely; "that must be our first move. Unless swamps or jungles interfere we shall succeed."

Pomp was in the galley preparing the evening meal on his electric stove. The vehicle was safely ensconced in the edge of a leafy bower among the trees.

Twilight was at hand, and fast giving way to darkness. Everything was safe and snug aboard the Trap, and the adventurers were in good spirits.

Barney turned on the electric lights as soon as the darkness came on. It illuminated the vicinity, and made a beautiful scene.

After doing justice to Pomp's excellent cooking, all sat out upon the forward platform.

The air was balmy and still.

Barney brought out his Irish fiddle and Pomp his banjo, and made lively music for a time.

Thus far the trip was a glowing success.

"We have seen no hobgoblins as yet," laughed Frank.

"and, indeed, no peril of any consequence. I am inclined to believe these Gringos an absurdly imaginative set."

"Wait," said Vaneyke significantly: "we have not seen the worst of it yet. There will be enough of danger to keep us occupied, I'm thinking, from now on."

The scientist's words were remembered in after days. They were singularly prophetic.

At about the hour of eleven Frank and the doctor retired to their bunks, which were hammocks slung under the after netting.

It was arranged that Pomp should watch the first half of the night and Barney the latter.

Now if there is a superstitious being in the world it is a negro, and Pomp was no exception.

As soon as he was alone on deck the coon began to walk up and down, keeping a sharp watch in all directions.

Every shadow in the forest depths assumed to him a weird shape. Every sound had a fantastic meaning.

An hour passed.

It was now after midnight, and the darky, wearied with straining his gaze in the gloom, had relaxed his vigilance somewhat.

So intent had he been upon keeping watch of the forest depths about that he had quite forgotten the leafy arcade above him.

He was wholly unaware of a huge human-like form which hung up there in the branches directly above him.

Keen, glinting eyes, and a double row of fangs shone in the electric light. Long, bony fingers clutched the clinging vines, and the alert, sinewy form was all on the qui vive.

Suddenly Pomp stood still.

He had heard a queer hissing noise, but was not quite sure where it came from.

Something soft tumbled down upon his shoulders. It fell about him and he saw that it was a long vine.

Instinctively he glanced upward, and as he did so he gave a thrilling cry.

Down the long rope-like vine the sinewy form with the awful eyes was coming with the swiftness of a flash.

He had not even time to make a move out of the way when it was upon him. What followed was a terrible experience.

Keen fangs were plunged into his shoulder, a snarling growl filled his ears and the darky felt talon fingers at his throat.

Just in time he pulled them away and then grappled with his unknown assailant.

Over and across the platform they rolled and against the slight brass guard-rail.

Beneath such a shock it gave way and they went off and down upon the ground.

The coon found that his unknown foe was more wiry and strong than he was, and that he was getting the best of him. So he let out lusty shouts for help.

Pomp had been unable to make use of either his rifle or pistol, so sudden and terrific had been the attack.

But now with a superhuman effort he managed to unsheath his knife. He made one blind stroke at his lithe foe, when light and reason left him.

Pomp's cries had necessarily aroused the others on board the Trap.

Frank and Dr. Vaneyke sprang comrusedly out of their hammocks, and Barney came rustling out of his den.

"Whurroo! Phwat the divil is the matther?" he shouted. "Shure phwere is the naygur?"

"I distinctly heard him cry for help," declared Frank.

"He did," answered Vaneyke.

Then sounds from the ground below, some distance away, froze their blood with horror. They were snarling cries and hisses.

"Heavens!" shouted Frank. "some wild beast has him."

"Quick! We must save him!"

Barney was the first over the rail.

He saw two struggling forms on the ground. One fell back senseless and the other leaped at his throat.

In the Celt's eyes Pomp's assailant was some wild man of the woods.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OUT OF THE FIRE.

Succor came to Pomp not a moment too soon. It would have quickly been too late.

His assailant's claws were at his windpipe when Barney descended upon him like a whirlwind.

The Celt dealt the unknown a terrific blow on the skull with a steel bar which he had picked up from the deck.

The creature reeled with a yell of mortal agony, made a spring for Barney and then fell in a heap.

The blow was a fatal one.

"Whurroo!" shouted the Celt, "bad cess to the omad houn! Shure, I've foixed him this time."

Then he raised Pomp's head. A dash of water in the face brought the darky to his senses.

"Shure, he's not badly hurt," cried Barney, with delight.

"No," cried Frank, with relief, "he will be all right soon. Eh, Pomp?"

"Golly fo' glory!" muttered the coon, as he sat up. "Neber was so broke up in mah life! De debbil had me!"

"Begorra, I'm afther thinkin' he's roight, sor," averred Barney; "it's a quare creature anyway."

The unknown foe was now more closely examined. A powerful hairy body was surmounted by a brutish skull and features.

The resemblance to a human being was remarkable and beyond description. But it was easy now to recognize the creature's true character.

"It is a powerful species of ape related to the gorilla," declared Dr. Vaneyke, then he rattled off a lot of scientific formulæ.

There was good reason for mutual congratulations on the outcome of the affair. Pomp was certainly in luck.

There was no more sleep for any on board that night.

Nor indeed was the Trap allowed to remain longer in safety where it was. As they clambered upon the deck the attention of all was claimed by a peculiar distant sound.

"Golly," exclaimed Pomp, "wha' in de world was dat?"

"Begorra, it sounds loike distant thunder," averred Barney.

Frank and Dr. Vaneyke listened intently.

"I call it rushing waters," said the scientist, "but what can have started them? We ought to have heard them before."

"The wind——"

"Impossible! The wind is in the same quarter. Ah, what is that?"

A loud crashing was heard in the undergrowth, and several terrified wood deer went tearing by. Then came a pattering patter upon the leaf carpet of the forest like the fall of hail, and an immense drove of peccaries or wild hogs passed.

In a few moments other animals followed by the hundreds.

Chattering monkeys came tumbling out of the trees, and the air was filled with shrieking birds.

What could it mean?

What was the cause of all this clatter and uproar, this confusion and mad terror?

"A tornado!" suggested Frank.

"A flood!" declared Vaneyke.

But Barney suddenly began to sniff the air.

"Bejabers, I shmell shmoke!" he declared; "it's a foire somewhere!"

Like a flash the truth burst upon the whole party. For a moment they were dazed.

A forest fire and at that hour. That they were in its path there was no doubt.

To be sure they were near the open plain, but the fire would not stop there.

The plain was covered with matted grass which would make a terrific blaze beyond doubt. Yet it was the only avenue of escape left.

There was no time to lose.

The fire was traveling at a terrific rate of speed. Already the dull glow on the sky overhead could be seen and sparks came drifting along.

The searchlight showed a pathway across the savanna beyond and out upon this the vehicle rolled. Frank was at the wheel.

On went the Trap at a terrific rate of speed.

Clear of the forest now the line of the fire could be plainly seen. It presented a terrifying spectacle.

It extended in a fearful blazing line for miles along the base of Raraima. The wind was sweeping it down upon the savannas with furious speed.

That the position was one of extreme peril there was not the least doubt.

Frank's face wore an anxious expression. He kept the Trap going as fast as the nature of the ground would allow.

Vaneyke stood close beside him and watched the situation. He was not a little disturbed himself.

"What could have started such a fire?" he asked. "It comes from the direction of the unexplored region."

"That is hard to understand," replied Frank; "however, we may be able to learn some time if we are lucky enough to escape it now."

"Do you think we can accomplish that by outrunning it?"

"I am fearful that we shall not be able to outrun it."

The scientist gave a start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed, "to be overtaken is death!"

"I know that," said Frank grimly.

"Then you think our fate is sealed?"

"No," replied Frank, "for I have another plan, a very simple and usual one. I think we might as well adopt it!"

"A counter fire?"

"Just that!"

Frank brought the machine to a halt. Hastily he drew from a locker a long coil of wire.

He paid this out over the rail and then started the trap away at right angles.

The wire was quickly connected with the dynamos. It

was of sensitive material and as the powerful current bounded through it, it turned to a white heat.

Trailing through the dry grass this live wire soon had a line of fire following swiftly in the wake of the machine. In a short while full a quarter of a mile was thus covered.

This started a long line of fire across the savanna. The speed at which it ran was terrific.

In a very few minutes full a half mile of space had been swept clean, and was a smouldering black expanse.

The Trap now fell in behind this line of fire.

Safety was now assured.

The counter fire swept on until the banks of a river were reached. The fire in its rear spent itself at the verge of the burnt savanna.

By the time all this was accomplished, the morning light was at hand.

It was a welcome moment when the sun swung high above the horizon. Then the full extent of the fire was seen.

It had started some twenty miles distant in the verge of a rocky region, and had swept a vast tract of plain forest and savanna.

Only the banks of the winding river, a tributary of the Essequibo, had stopped its course.

As the burned tract was directly in the path of the Trap and our travelers, they proceeded to cross it. The fire had accomplished one fact.

It had made progress easier in the forest, for the underbrush and vines were cleared away, so that the travelers were able to proceed more rapidly.

Before noon the burned tract had been covered.

They were now not ten miles from the sheer walls of Raraima. The aspect presented was a wild one.

The region at the base of the plateau was rocky and rough. Great bowlders were piled up in profusion.

Up to the very base of the plateau the Trap ran.

It was a stupendous thing to reflect upon—this island in mid-air. High up on those walls of granite was an unexplored world.

The height was a dizzy one, and the smooth palisaded rock afforded not a visible foothold.

Frank Reade, Jr., studied the walls of the great plateau for a long while. Then he shook his head.

"If it is as steep as this on all sides," he said, "there is no hope of our ever reaching the island in the air. But we will hope for better things."

"I fear that you will not find any portion of it feasible for ascent," said the doctor.

"Indeed! then I have made a serious mistake. I had ought to have come here in an air-ship."

"So I fancied."

"However, we will make the best of it. If it is possible to in any way make the ascent, we will do it before we leave Raraima."

Barney executed a shuffle.

"Begorra, Misther Frank will find a way to do it," he declared. "Yez may be sure av that."

"Yo' kin bet yo' possums on dat," agreed Pomp.

The Trap now kept along the base of the plateau while the travelers with powerful glasses nearly cramped their necks studying it.

And the more Frank studied it the more eager he was to reach the summit of this marvelous structure.

Dr. Vaneyke gave a plausible explanation of the creation of the plateau.

"In some past age, long before the flood," he said, "the rest of the region hereabouts may have been on a level with the plateau.

"But some mighty revulsion of the earth's crust no doubt has caused it to sink and leave these solid walls standing. Water probably flowed all about them once. Gradually it subsided, leaving these valleys and rocky hills.

"It may be that the summit of this plateau escaped the deluge, and that there may exist there certain forms of animal life extinct elsewhere on earth. If so a great end will have been gained for science if we can establish that fact."

"Good enough!" declared Frank. "We will not give up the attempt without an effort. However, I cannot help wishing that we had an air-ship."

The words had barely left his mouth when a thrilling thing happened.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE INCAS.

Barney, who was on the platform, gave a loud cry of alarm. But the sound had not died out on his lips when all was over.

Far upon the plateau wall there was a huge rock which suddenly became dislodged and fell. Down it came with a terrific rush.

It seemed in a direct line with the Trap.

For one swift instant it seemed certain to strike the vehicle, and our adventurers gave themselves up for lost. But it struck not two feet in front of the Trap.

The dust and particles of the stone flew up against the pilot house and dasher.

But no further harm was done.

"Mercy!" gasped Vaneyke, "that is as close a call as I care to see."

"Whew!" exclaimed Frank. "I was sure that we were done for."

"Bogorra," cried Barney, "I saw the big stone afore it iver got loose from the ledge, an' sez I to meself, it's comin' fer us. Shure we niver got out av the way a moment too soon."

But a miss is as good as a mile and the incident was soon forgotten in the whirl of events which now came crowding upon each other.

Thus far not a sign of human being had been seen.

Indeed Frank had begun to form the opinion that the region was free from the class of native Indians who are dangerous foes in the South American wilds.

But now of a sudden there appeared to the gaze of the adventurers a startling sight.

Out upon the spur of the mountain wall there suddenly swarmed a score of giant forms.

They were men of enormous physique and stature, half-naked and decked with the trappings peculiar to the Indians of South America.

They were directly over a small pass through which it was necessary for the vehicle to go. They were armed with heavy clubs and spears and blow-pipes. These latter were said to throw poisonous darts.

Instinctively Frank slackened the speed of the Trap. He even brought it to a complete stop.

"Indians?" he exclaimed. "Then Raraima is inhabited by human beings!"

Vaneyke was all excitement.

"What magnificent specimens!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose that they are an offshoot of the ancient Incas of Peru?"

"That I am unable to inform you, but it is certain that they are giants. Perhaps their real home is in the island in the air."

The giant Indians were more astounded, it is safe to say, at sight of the Trap, than the adventurers were at sight of them.

They stood gazing at it in a dazed sort of way.

Indeed, the doctor could not help a laugh.

"They are struck dumb as well as we. What shall we say to them, Frank?"

Frank, by the way of answer, stepped out on the forward platform and made a signal to the natives.

This nearly convulsed Vaneyke.

"Come back for the love of heaven, Frank!" he cried. "They will be almost certain to give you one of those poisoned darts. It would be death."

"I shall risk it," said Frank. "It is the only way to make friends with them."

To the surprise of the scientist the Incas—for such, for the want of a better name, we will call them—made an amicable signal in reply.

"Why, that is strange!" cried the doctor. "They are actually inclined to meet us in a friendly spirit."

"Is that not common?" asked Frank.

"By no means. They have utterly no love for the white people. I speak of the race at large."

"Well," said Frank, "these fellows seem friendly, and I think we had better treat with them."

"By all means."

The Incas now advanced with much caution and curiosity. Not until they were with speaking distance did they stop. Then Frank spoke to them.

They made a reply in a strange tongue. The young inventor repeated his query in Spanish.

Then he tried French. But it was evident that the Incas could speak nothing but their own tongue.

As Frank could not speak this, matters seemed at a standstill.

But there was one universal language. This was sign talk. The young inventor bethought himself of this.

He pointed to the east and then to himself. By this the Incas understood that he came from that direction. A tall leader of the band made reply by pointing to the west.

Then Frank knew that they were really a branch of that Andean race which was once so mighty and powerful, and which the treachery and rapacity of the Spanish adventurers had destroyed.

Dr. Vaneyke was, of course, deeply interested, and made copious notes. Here was a revelation of great value to science.

After much trouble Frank was enabled to open quite a comprehensive system of sign talk with the natives. This resulted in considerable information of much value.

The Incas seemed to have a superstitious veneration of Raraima and in pointing to it always bowed their heads as if to a deity. It was evidently to them as much a mystery as to the white travelers.

The natives regarded the Trap with utmost wonderment. It was to them a great mystery.

They were disposed to be exceedingly friendly, and soon

Frank had so far gained their confidence that they became quite communicative.

The young inventor allowed their leaders to come aboard the *Trap* and he showed them all over it. They were completely captivated and expressed their delight in the most childish fashion.

Frank then made a few simple gifts and this at once welded the bond of friendship. The giant leader of the Incas, whose name was Hulo, fairly embraced Frank, then by gestures intimated that he was wholly at his command.

Seizing this advantage, Frank proceeded to ask all manner of questions about the plateau. Whereupon Hulo gave him many valuable facts.

None of the Incas had even ascended the plateau, but one day a strange object was seen to fall over the verge and down to the rocks beneath. By the time the unknown was reached life was extinct, as might well have been expected.

But the body was that of a man with a reddish hue of skin, handsome, regular features, and dressed in a half-barbaric fashion, unlike any custom of the country about.

That the strange man was one of a race which inhabited the plateau there was no doubt.

This information was to our adventurers thrilling enough. It settled one important fact.

This was that the plateau was inhabited and by human beings. Here was another motive for exploring it.

"Oh, I wish I had an air-ship!" groaned Frank. "I don't see why I did not come hither with one."

"Bejabers it's yesilf as will foind a way to git over that," averred Barney, confidently.

"You are confident, Barney."

"Shure, sor, I never saw yez git sthuck yit. Divil a bit!"

"Well," said Frank, determinedly, "I have no idea of giving up the attempt. If it is possible to get up there we will do it!"

The Incas declared that they had traveled everywhere around the big plateau, and on all hands it was just as inaccessible as here.

Frank decided therefore to make his attempt right here. He moved the vehicle along nearer to the base of the precipice.

Looking up it was a stupendous distance. It fairly made one dizzy. Yet Frank said:

"One of us must go up there on a rope."

"On a rope?" exclaimed Dr. Vaneyke.

"Yes!"

"But—how will you get your rope up there?"

"Oh, we will find a way," replied Frank, "but who will have the nerve to try the feat?"

"Begorra, count me in on that, on," cried Barney. "I'll climb to the moon if yez say so!"

"Stop and think," admonished Frank, "it is a good way up there."

"Shure, sor, I'm an old sailor."

"Ah, but climbing to a mast's head is child's play compared with this, be sure. Then there is the possibility of the hold secured by the rope not being a good one."

"Bejabers, I'll risk anything," cried the Celt; "give me a chance, sor."

Frank knew that Barney was a first-rate climber, and that there was no reason why he should not be able to carry out the scheme so far as nerve went.

"Hol' on, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp. "Wha' am de mattah wif me tryin' dat hily game?"

"Two volunteers already!" laughed Dr. Vaneyke. "You may put me down as a coward if you will, but I would never try such a daring feat."

"Nor I, unless necessity demanded it," declared Frank; "but Barney spoke first, so we shall have to give him the first chance."

"First to get the rope up there," said Dr. Vaneyke, incredulously.

"We will try," said Frank.

He studied the verge of the plateau and made out a mighty tree which seemed to jut out over the edge. He decided to try and throw a rope over this.

The difficulty of such an attempt can hardly be imagined.

Twenty-five hundred feet up in the air is a mighty distance. But Frank elevated the muzzle of the pneumatic gun and drew the sight carefully over the trunk of the tree.

Then he placed a projectile from which the explosive material had been taken in the gun.

To this projectile was attached a slender string which lay in coils upon the deck. The theory was to throw the projectile over the tree trunk and when it should descend it would necessarily bring the string with it. In this way communication would be in a state of beginning at least with the island in the air.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BARNEY'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

It would next be easy to draw a heavier cord up and then the rope. Then Barney would be given a chance to test his nerve and grip.

Frank made all arrangements carefully, sighted the gun, and stood ready to press the electric button which would discharge the gun.

The Incas were grouped near, waiting the action of the white men. Vaneyke and Barney and Pomp had their eyes fixed on the tree.

Frank lost little time.

He had trained the gun as true as possible. He drew a deep breath and pressed the button.

Ping! Whish!

Up like a flash sailed the long line, and in a mere breath of time it was seen coming down again.

Frank was chagrined.

He had missed the mark.

The projectile had passed just under the tree. The string came floating down and the projectile charged against an angle of the wall of stone far above.

"Missed it!" cried Dr. Vaneyke; "it was a close one, though."

"It might as well have been a mile," said Frank in disgust; "pick up the line, Barney and Pomp."

"All roight, sor!"

The line was quickly brought aboard again. Then once more a projectile was placed in the gun.

Again it was trained and this time at a little better elevation. Once more the gun was discharged.

Up sailed the cord.

This time the travelers gave a hearty cheer. It had passed clean over the tree.

The projectile came clanging down. Frank ran forward and picked it up. Then he began to haul up the shorter cord.

Up it went, and the rope after it. There it hung dangling in the air for a height of twenty-five hundred feet.

Then Frank turned to Barney with a smile.

"Now, my friend," he said, "there is your opportunity to distinguish yourself."

"Shure, sor. I'm afther being ready."

The Celt had stripped off his coat and now began to go up the rope like a monkey. Up and up he went until he was at a dizzy height.

"Mercy!" cried Vaneyke, "that is a very venturesome thing to do. If he looks down now he will fall."

A shudder ran through the group of watchers. Barney was now fully a thousand feet in the air.

The strain of the climb was beginning to tell on him. But he managed to relieve it.

In the face of the cliff he saw a niche. Into this he crept for a moment of rest.

Then the plucky fellow had the hardihood to look down and wave a salute to his friends below.

Barney did not tarry long, however, but once more began his upward pull.

"I don't know," said Dr. Vaneyke, with a gasp, "but it seemed to me that tree swayed just then. What if it should give way?"

A light of horror was in Frank's eyes.

"We will not think that," he said.

Up and up went Barney. It was a mighty effort of the physical powers. But he kept on.

Now he was within reach of the tree trunk. It seemed an age ere he had clambered on to it.

But he did, and then stood upon the verge of the plateau. Barney O'Shea was the first traveler to set foot upon the summit of Raraima.

He leaned over the verge and signaled those below. Then he disappeared from sight.

"Now," said Frank, "here goes for the next one. I don't see, Pomp, but that you must remain with the machine."

"A'right, sah!"

"Doctor, Barney and I will pull you up."

Then the scientist drew a deep breath.

"Of course, there is no safer way," he said. "Well, I shall be ready, for I must reach the summit of Raraima if it takes a leg."

Frank took hold of the rope and began to mount upward.

He was an athletic young man and had no trouble whatever in climbing the rope.

Up he went lightly until one hundred feet from the ground. Then a wild and startling cry went up from those below.

"Look out, Frank!" shouted Vaneyke; "the tree is giving way!"

But Frank saw this as well as his friends. Instantly he slid down the rope; he was not a moment too soon.

He reached the ground and instantly sprang into the pilot house. Round came the lever and the Trap sprang forward.

It was not a moment too soon.

The great tree slowly inclined outward. Some loose gravel came first, then a number of bowlders and next the tree itself.

It fell with a terrific crash upon the spot where the Trap had been. Had Frank not moved it forward it would have certainly crushed it.

There lay the tree and the long rope under it. It was an appalling situation.

The travelers looked at each other aghast.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Vaneyke: "that is a misfortune."

"Confound the tree!" muttered Frank. "Why couldn't it have held? I would now be up there with Barney."

"Yes," said the doctor, with a shiver: "but how will Barney ever get down now? It looks as if he was bound to stay there."

Frank was silent for a moment. He was doing some thinking.

Along the verge of the plateau no other object which would support a rope was to be seen. The matter looked serious.

It seemed curious that Barney did not now appear and make some signals to his friends below. But to the surprise of all he did not appear.

That he must know of the summary cutting off of his means of escape seemed certain. But yet he did not show himself.

One question now forced itself upon the travelers.

What was to be done?

It was no light problem, to be sure. Of course, one might say find another tree and throw another rope. But not a tree could be found.

If Barney would only appear now all could be remedied. Frank would need only to throw the line over the verge of the plateau, for Barney could catch it and secure it to some suitable object.

But the Celt, curiously enough, did not appear.

Frank whistled and shouted in vain. Fire-arms were exploded, in fact, every kind of a call made.

"That is queer," muttered Frank. "Something must have happened to Barney. He would have answered."

Of course, this announcement had a depressing effect upon all. They felt alarmed and sorry that Barney had tried the feat.

There was no certainty that he would ever return again. Perhaps it would mean a life exile.

Such a horrible thought had its effect upon Frank. He was determined to climb the wall of Raraima.

"I am going up there," he cried determinedly, "if I have to go home and build an air-ship."

All this while the friendly Incas had been watching the wonderful feats of their white acquaintances. The spectacle of Barney climbing that mighty distance up a rope was to them an awe-inspiring one.

Ilulo now advanced and engaged Frank in conversation. He assured the young inventor by signs that the position of Barney was one of great danger.

But the Incas seemed to have no suggestions to make for

his rescue until suddenly Ilulo went to the steep wall, and indicated the existence of a cavern in it, and pointed westward.

"What is he driving at?" asked Dr. Vaneyke, in a puzzled way.

"I really cannot understand," said Frank. Then he studied Ilulo's gestures again. And the more he studied them, the harder the Indian chief tried to make them comprehensive.

Until finally like a flash the truth burst upon the young inventor.

"I have it," he cried; "he means that a cavern exists in the Raraima wall which may possibly lead to the summit. It is west of here. By Jove, if I only knew it was the truth!"

"Do you mean that?" cried Vaneyke excitedly.

"I have good reason for thinking so."

"Let us test it. We must do something."

By way of reply Frank stepped into the pilot house. The Trap moved rapidly forward.

The Incas cheered and followed. Thus a number of miles was covered; but now darkness shut down.

The searchlight was employed, however, and in its path-way of light the Incas guided the way.

It was past midnight when suddenly a cleft in the great wall was seen. Between this the Trap glided over a rocky floor.

The next moment they were under the arches of a mighty cavern. The Trap had no difficulty in entering this. Indeed it seemed to expand as they proceeded.

But here the Incas halted. They seemed for a time the victims of superstitious dread and fear.

But what caused it?

This was a problem.

Frank stopped the Trap. Ilulo made sign talk to the effect that it was dangerous to go further. But Frank made reply that he could not abandon his project for any fear of that sort.

It became evident that the Incas dared not go further, and that it would be necessary to leave them behind.

So Frank shook hands with Ilulo, and the parting signs were made. Then the Incas turned back.

The cavern now began to wind upward, and Frank had soon fathomed its character.

There was every indication that it was an old water course, by means of which some stream or body of water upon the plateau had worked its way downward and emptied itself into the valley below. Successive floods had doubtless enlarged the cavern to its present size.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ON THE PLATEAU—BARNEY'S RETURN.

If this was true there was no doubt but that they would reach the summit of the plateau. It was an exciting anticipation.

On crept the Trap up through the rising passage.

It seemed an interminable time before the machine finally emerged upon the open ground and into the outer air again.

The voyagers saw the high walls of a canyon upon either side. Above was the starry sky.

But all drew a deep breath, for the great truth burst upon them. They were upon the summit of the plateau of Raraima.

Along the canyon the machine picked its way.

It was indeed surprising that the ascent should have been made in such a way and so easily.

"Now what sticks me," said Vaneyke, vaguely, "is why none of the Raraima tribe descend into the valley when it is such an easy matter by means of this cavern."

"It is possible that they are not aware of its presence, or at least that it leads down to the valley," said Frank.

"True!" agreed Vaneyke. "Or again some superstitious fear or religious law may confine them to the plateau."

"However it is," said Frank, "we shall very soon force our acquaintance upon them."

"Which may not be agreeable to them."

"That is true."

"We may have trouble with them."

"So far as that goes we are well prepared for any foe," declared Frank. "If they attack us we must defend ourselves. But we will not live in any such anticipation."

"I hope that we shall be able to make friends with them. I am very anxious to get a look at them. How far from daybreak are we?"

"It is an hour off only," replied Frank. "We will run out of this canyon, and then for some sleep and a little something to eat."

So the Trap presently ran out of the canyon. A great region lay about them, which they could not well scan in such darkness. But they were on the island in the air.

And they had been able to bring the Trap with them. Surely better luck could not be desired.

But Frank did not attempt to carry the exploration further in the dark. The adventurers now turned in for much needed sleep.

They slept until long after the sun was up. Then Pomp prepared a fine morning meal.

"Suah I hope we fin' dat I'ishman to-day, sah," said the darky, hopefully. "I done link suttin' happened to him."

Frank's first object was to find Barney. But the travelers just now were engrossed in the strange region spread before them.

It was unlike anything they had ever seen before. To the north was a great forest; to the west a rolling plain, with high lands in the distance.

To the east was a basin or deep lake of water. It was likely that this was the residue of a much larger body of water, the major part of which had vanished through the water course by means of which our friends had reached the plateau.

The shores of this lake were sandy and smooth. It covered several hundred acres and was fed by a number of brawling streams.

Beyond its expanse stretched a great forest. There were in it trees and shrubs of a species unknown to any other part of the world. Dr. Vaneyke was at once interested.

"We have hit upon a great discovery," he declared; "here is flora of an age long past, and extinct elsewhere upon the globe."

He was eager to begin his researches, so Frank ran the machine up to the edge of the forest, and the doctor sprang out. In a few moments he was busily examining the newly discovered trees and collecting specimens of their bark and leaves.

To attempt a detailed description of them with their classical or scientific names would bore our readers, so we will not attempt it. The genial doctor, however, gave the nerves of his companions a jar with the jaw-breaking Latin names.

Meanwhile Frank had been studying the face of the country assiduously.

He was looking earnestly for some sign of the curious race of people who made a home on this plateau.

Far beyond the rolling plain he once fancied he saw a column of thin blue smoke.

After a while he turned his gaze toward the lake eastward. Then he gave a little start.

Upon its broad surface he saw what seemed to be a curious looking craft. He turned to Pomp.

"Bring me my strongest glass," he said. "I want to study that object."

"A right, sah!"

Pomp quickly produced the glass. Frank took one look and said excitedly.

"It is a large canoe or proa and there are seven men in it. They are coming this way. Where is Vaneyke?"

Seeing the doctor yet among the trees, Frank shouted:

"Lovely, doctor! the unknown inhabitants of this place are coming. There is no time to lose!"

Vaneyke hurriedly gathered up his specimens and rushed aboard the *Trap*. Frank steered the machine into a clump of trees near the shore.

That they had not been seen was a safe assumption. The canoe came nearer every moment.

The occupants evidently intended to land upon the beach near where our friends were in hiding.

They were seven in number, and our adventurers trained their eyes to get a glimpse of them. It was an exciting moment.

Here was an undiscovered race of people. The purity of their race antedated almost anything else of earth, for there had certainly been no intermarriage with other nations.

They were dressed much after the simple fashion of Biblical tribes, in tunics and long robes. These were of some unknown texture, but showed that they knew the art of weaving and making cloth.

"Who knows but that they are the lost tribe of Israel," cried Dr. Vaneyke; "of course it seems hard to understand how they could have traveled all this way to this place, but we must remember that the face of the earth was different in those days."

"They certainly are unknown to the rest of the world," said Frank. "We will try and unravel the mystery very soon."

Nearer the canoe approached. It was headed straight for the spot where our adventurers were concealed.

A few moments later it skimmed into the little bay and was forced out upon the sands.

Then the occupants got out.

They were very near to our friends now, and every feature could be seen. Four of them were men and three were women. Two of the women carried babes in their arms.

The men were giants in stature, with fair skin, yellow hair, and handsome Greek features. They were tall, symmetrical and powerful.

The women were also tall and finely formed, with placid and mobile features. They were beautiful as is a piece of statuary, but lacked the expression and vivacity which makes radiant loveliness in these modern days.

The men were armed with very primitive weapons—battle axes of stone and rough metal, bows and arrows and heavy bludgeons. They carried between them what looked like a doe, which was of a pure white.

Undoubtedly it was a new species.

Dr. Vaneyke was devouring all through his glass. He could hardly contain himself.

"Indeed, their methods are primitive as on the first day of creation," he declared. "It is plain to see that they are nomads."

"Why?" asked Frank.

"They are going to camp."

"What—here?"

"Yes."

The young inventor was astonished and not a little dismayed.

"Well," he said, dubiously, "in that case what shall we do? We shall be discovered."

"What of that? It will give us an opportunity to make their acquaintance."

"That may not be agreeable—at least to them."

The scientist shrugged his shoulders.

"It will be necessary if we hope to gain any valuable data," he said. "I am consumed with curiosity to know from what source these people sprung."

"You may not be able to learn even then," said Frank. "I doubt if these people have records of their past."

"But they must have legends—memories, tales or such like," declared Vaneyke; "much of the world's history is based upon such."

"Which is not the most reliable."

"Very true, but it must needs be accepted in lieu of anything better. But, did I not tell you? They are going to camp."

The hunting party of nomads, for such they appeared to be, were chattering with each other in some outlandish tongue. It was impossible for our friends to understand them.

Two of the men began to dig a hole in the sand. The other two proceeded to flay and dress the doe.

The women collected fagots and placed them in the hole made by the men. Then fire was struck with flint and some pieces of tinder.

The fagots burned for some while until finally only a great bed of hot coals was left. Then the doe, all dressed and prepared, was laid bodily upon them.

Then the sand was heaped over the doe and the coals until a smoking bank of it was made.

"Golly!" muttered Pomp, "dat am a berry funny way fo' to cook a deer."

"That is the most primitive oven ever used by man," declared Vaneyke; "but you will find that the deer will be deliciously cooked in time."

And this proved true.

After waiting the necessary length of time, the nomads uncovered the doe and brought it forth cooked to a turn. The juicy meat was cut out in great flakes and devoured.

"Well," said Frank, with a laugh, "that is not bad. To tell the truth I would not object to a slice of that myself."

"Nor I," said Vaneyke. "Ah, what is wrong now?"

A stifled cry had come from the other side of the Trap. Frank and the doctor turned to behold an astonishing sight.

Over the rail came a rather dilapidated figure. Pomp assisted him and as his comical mug was seen fair and full, Dr. Vaneyke gasped:

"On my word it is Barney."

"Barney!" ejaculated Frank.

"It's mesilf, sor," said the Celt, bowing and scraping. He was truly a sight to behold.

His clothing was tattered and torn, and his whole appearance that of one who had been through a rough experience.

His friends crowded about him in amazement, and Frank asked:

"How did you get here, Barney?"

"Shure, sor, I hardly know," replied the Celt, in a puzzled manner, "but I was on the other shore av that lake whin I see the Trap, an' shure I med for it. Howiver did yez git it up here?"

"We found an underground passage," said Frank, "but I do not understand you. What became of you after you reached the summit of the plateau? Why did you not answer our signals?"

Barney scratched his head reflectively.

"Shure, sor, I was niver able to do that," he replied. "The divil had me, an' I cum near niver drawing me breath agin."

"How was that?" asked Frank.

The Celt told his story.

"Whin I wint over the edge av the cliff," he said, "shure I was faint an' dizzy. I climbed away from the edge fer fear I'd fall, an' thin laid down to compose mesilf an' get over the dizziness.

"While layin' there half sinseless loike, some bloody crather loike a woidl cut jumped onto me. Shure it was the foight av me loife!

"I kilt the crather afther a long foight. Thin I fainted away. Whin I cum to I crawled to the edge av the cliff an' looked over. I seen that the tree was gone an' the Trap, too. Sez I to mesilf, 'Barney O'Shea, it's an unlucky day fer yez.' There was no use of me stayin' there, so I wint wandherin' about, an' havin' every koind av advintures whin

I cum to this lake, and shure I see the Trap on the other soide. That's all, sor."

"Well," cried Frank, "that was a lucky development. I can assure you that we are glad to have you back, Barney. Ah, what is that?"

A great cry had come from the nomads. They had sprung up and were in a state of most intense alarm and fear. What did it mean?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PAVED ROAD—THE CITY.

A distant loud cry had caused all the excitement. It was a loud, booming shout, and evidently a signal.

The nomads were on the qui vive. The men held weapons in hand, and the women had retreated to the canoe.

"What's up?" asked Frank, in surprise. "Can you understand it?"

Vaneyke shook his head.

"I should think that they are looking for the approach of a foe."

"A human foe?"

"So it would seem."

"What!" exclaimed Frank in amazement. "Can it be that there are two warlike tribes on this island in the air?"

"It may be. Among people of such limited powers of reasoning there is always dissension and strife."

"Why, I should think one faction might drive the other over the verge of the plateau and to destruction."

"Ah, but their forces may be so equally divided that that is impossible."

"True," agreed Frank; "but it is a curious state of affairs."

"Begorra, it lunks loike a foight," cried Barney. "Shure, they're foirin' arrows already."

This was true. The nomads with the flaxen hair had begun to shoot arrows to the westward. Suddenly arrows began to whistle about them.

The women crouched down in the canoe. The men threw themselves flat upon the sand, only rising to fire at their assailants.

These latter had not as yet come into sight. They were obscured by a deep copse just over a rise of land.

Their position was by no means as exposed as that of the natives on the beach. The latter soon discovered this disadvantage.

Therefore they did what was really the wisest thing for them to do, and this was to beat a retreat.

At a concerted moment they sprang up and into the canoe. Quick as a flash they bent to their paddles.

Loud yells of derision and a flight of arrows followed them. One of the rowers suddenly bent forward and clutched at a shaft which entered his breast.

But they were soon beyond range and safe. Down upon the beach now bounded their toes.

To the surprise of our adventurers they were seen to be of a distinctive type.

They were shorter of stature, darker of skin and had long black hair and beards. They also seemed better armed and equipped and a better type of fighting men.

"The Greeks and the Romans," muttered Vaneyke. "Here are certainly the two types. How wonderful! It takes one back to ancient times."

"You are right," agreed Frank, "but the Romans were the greatest warriors, I believe."

"Indeed they were. However, I am glad the Greeks escaped."

It was agreed to call these people of the plateau Greeks and Romans in lieu of better names. So Frank said:

"The Romans seem to recognize that fact. To tell the truth, my sympathies are with the Greeks. They seem a gentler class of people."

"So they do. These Romans are truly sons of Mars."

The outlook for our travelers was now a most exciting and interesting one. Certainly they could have hoped for nothing more exciting.

They had gained the plateau of mystic Raraima to find that it was inhabited by rival races, and of types synonymous with those of ancient history.

They were at war upon each other. This promised incident, and of the most thrilling sort.

The genial doctor rubbed his hands delightedly and walked up and down the platform.

"This is a discovery which will set the world agog," he muttered, "and to think that we should be the fortunate ones to make the discovery."

But at this moment a warning whistle came from Barney.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"Shure, sor, they've found our tracks!"

A glance was sufficient to show that this was the truth. A number of the Romans were examining the wheel marks of the Trap made in the sand.

They were apparently much puzzled, and there ensued an excited discussion over them.

Finally they proceeded to follow them. But to the surprise of our friends it was away from the Trap instead of toward it.

Down toward the canyon the plateau warriors went until they finally entered it.

Then Vaneyke turned to Frank, and whispered:

"What shall we do? If we stay here they will soon come back and discover us."

"Right," agreed Frank. "We will run out into the grassy country where the trail will soon lose itself."

"Then you don't intend to make the acquaintance of these people?"

"It will serve our purpose better not to for awhile," replied Frank.

The young inventor took the wheel out of Barney's hand and guided the machine himself.

He skirted the verge of the forest until out of sight of the lake. Then he struck out across the open country.

For some miles the Trap ran on at a fair rate of speed. Suddenly Frank jammed the lever down and came to a halt.

"What is that?" he exclaimed. "It looks like a paved road."

"A paved road!" exclaimed Vaneyke. "So it is."

Across the rolling plain there extended a way paved with blocks of clean cut granite. It was fully forty feet in width, and its lines were as accurate as if laid out by a skilled surveyor.

"If I remember my teachings aright," cried the doctor, "the Romans had a penchant for building roads."

"Right!" agreed Frank. "But what magic power has transported Greeks and Romans to the Raraima plateau?"

This was a question not easily answered, nor was the attempt made.

The Trap entered upon the paved road and ran along for some miles. It ascended gradually, until finally the highest point was reached, and a grand view of the country beyond was had.

It was a scene which the voyagers never forgot.

"The land of the Romans!" ejaculated Frank, "and there is Rome, only it does not sit upon seven hills, nor indeed upon one."

There was no mistaking the fact.

Nestled in the middle of a long green-clad valley was a small city. The buildings were low-roofed and primitive, but there were many of them. It was certainly a city.

That it was the city of the dark-haired warriors there was no doubt. The stone paved road led down to it.

Even at that distance knots of people could be seen in the streets and suburbs of this town. The region about was

diversified into plantations, for the plateau people evidently knew how to cultivate the soil.

The travelers gazed upon the scene spell-bound. It was some while before they gave up the scrutiny.

Then Barney clutched Frank's arm, and said:

"Sure, sor, there's somethin' comin' behindt us, sor, an' I'm afther thinkin' it's safer to get into the cover av that clump of trees yonder, sor!"

"You are right," agreed Frank, and the machine took up this position, where it was hidden by the foliage, but yet the explorers could see all about them.

Up the paved road some sort of a conveyance was certainly coming. Frank could not bring himself to believe that horses were in use on the plateau.

The conveyance drew nearer. Then a revelation followed.

There were no horses attached to the rude vehicle. It was drawn by men.

It was nothing more nor less than a huge van of the very crudest construction, with heavy wheels and axles of wood.

It was drawn by twenty stout men. Under a canopy upon the van was a sort of gaudily decorated throne, and upon this sat a man of commanding presence.

His whole appearance proclaimed him of royal birth. Two pages sat at his feet.

It was easy to understand now the purpose of the paved road. This was the king's chariot, and it was easier hauled and with less jolting for the royal bones over the stone pathway.

The explorers appreciated this fact easily, and thus one problem was solved. Curiously they watched the ponderous chariot pulled slowly over the stone roadway by the stout-limbed men.

Behind came several palanquins or roughly made and draped litters, carried by four or twelve men as required. In these probably rode the courtiers and nobles of the king's train. Back of these fully two hundred armed barbarians marched.

Despite their rude dress and homely equipments, so sturdily and grandly did these men bear themselves, that the pageant was not without its effect of grandeur, and the explorers could not help being deeply impressed.

It was easy to imagine that these were old Spartan times, when to be a hero meant much, and when the world was far more genuine in bulk than it is to-day.

There seemed nothing licentious or even vulgar about these earnest-faced, stout-armed barbarians. They seemed above selfish or sordid aims.

They were not aware of the nearness of the Trap and the

visitors from the civilized world. They passed rapidly and insensibly by.

When the last man had passed, Dr. Vaneyke drew a deep breath and said:

"It is easy to see how primitive man might have remained had his sphere been always as limited as that of these poor fellows."

"Then the world owes much to the spirit of adventure and exploration which pervaded the breast of man in the east," declared Frank.

"You are right, Frank. All else is due to the development of brain faculty which stimulated invention. The steam vessel, the railroad and the telegraph. All these have made civilization what it is to-day."

"Bogorra, it's big times they're afther having down there!" cried Barney.

It was easy to see that this was the truth. A great throng of people had come out of the city and were cheering the pageant vociferously. Their shouts were easily heard.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AROUND THE CITY.

The explorers now held a consultation. They were really at a loss to know just what to do.

If they should boldly go down and try to make friends with the warlike inhabitants of this half of the island in the air, it was not easy to say what the result would be.

There might be a battle fought upon the spot. The barbarians, if such they were, might take exceptions to the liberty assumed by the visitors.

Frank had no fears for the result. With his dynamite gun and the Winchesters he could exterminate the entire gang.

But this he would not think of doing.

It would be downright murder. Moreover he knew that these were the class of people who generally fought for a principle and relinquished it only in death.

He could not have the heart to wage such a battle or even to risk it. So he was in a quandary.

"If I was only sure they would meet us in a friendly spirit, I would go down at once," he declared, "but I fear they will not."

"But what other move have we?" fretted Vaneyke. "Surely we ought to meet these people and study them in the interest of science."

"It would hardly be in the interest of science to exterminate them."

"It would hardly be necessary to do that. No doubt they would yield after a sharp repulse."

Frank shook his head.

"Not much," he declared; "the old Spartans had not lost the spirit these men have. They would fight to the last man if they once got started."

"What shall we do then?"

"I have a plan."

"What is it?"

"I do not know that it will work well, but I fancy it. Suppose, instead of going boldly down to their city, we watch our chance and fall in with a few of them. We can judge from their conduct what to expect."

"Capital!" agreed Vaneyke; "if we find them friendly it is safe to assume that the others will be."

"Just so!"

"Let us put it into execution at once."

"All right."

Frank ran the Trap out of its cover and upon the stone paved road. Slowly on toward the city it rolled.

Finally a deep wood was reached. The Trap swept around a curve and came full upon a dozen armed hunters, who were standing over a white doe which they had just killed.

"Heigho!" cried Vaneyke; "this is our chance. Now for it."

The machine came to a halt. The effect upon the plateau natives was curious.

They turned and instantly fell into all attitudes of surprise.

Frank took advantage of this to step out onto the front platform and make amicable signs.

The barbarians stared at him, disregarded the signs, and seemed to take a terrific alarm.

They drew back, gave utterance to loud, excited whoops, and made menaces to Frank. The young inventor saw at once the hopelessness of the feat he had undertaken.

"No use!" he muttered, and stepped back into the pilot-house. He was not a moment too soon.

An arrow grazed his cheek. An inch nearer and it would have been serious. Dr. Vaneyke was satisfied.

"All right, Frank!" he cried. "I see that you cannot reason with them. We had better avoid them."

Frank's lips were tightly set.

"They are unmannerly and unfriendly curs!" he said. "But I mean to see their city anyway. We will run down and take a look at it. They can do us no harm."

"Good!" cried the doctor with patting cures—that is the kind of talk I like."

But matter in front now engrossed the attention of all.

The barbarians had by one impulse started for the machine. It was evident that they meant to attack it.

They were brandishing their weapons furiously and came on like a whirlwind. Powerful fellows they were.

Frank had no idea, however, of killing any of them unless he was compelled to. So he started the Trap ahead.

But these intrepid warriors flung themselves madly in front of the machine. They were furious and desperate.

As a result several of them were crushed beneath the wheels. But two managed to clutch the rail.

Over upon the deck they came. They dashed their heavy bludgeons against the pilot-house window.

This was too much for Barney and he shot one of them through the leg. Pomp junked the other in the shoulder.

They fell off the platform and the Trap went thundering down the stone road, clear of its assailants.

Frank saw that he had not misjudged these people.

They would fight to the last dying gasp. They were barbarous and obstinate. It was useless to try and make friends with them.

Down toward the city thundered the machine.

It was quickly within easy distance. Already the panic had spread to the city.

The explorers saw great crowds rushing out to intercept the newcomer. The city street was black with them.

But Frank had no idea of entering the city.

He kept on until in its very outskirts. A great throng had come out to defend the city. Frank avoided these.

He switched off to the left and made a complete circle of the city. So swiftly was it done that none of the barbarians could get within reach of him.

Nor did Frank intend that they should. He dodged them at every point.

On swept the Trap.

Dr. Vaneyke was on the upper deck taking in every detail. He saw that the city was neatly kept, and built of sun-dried brick and stone.

None of the houses were over one story high. Some of them were dugouts, or mere burrows in the ground covered with logs.

But he judged that fully two thousand people lived in this city. What a formidable array they would constitute if turned out.

Details he could not secure; but the cursory glance showed him much. It was the strangest city he had ever gazed upon.

Round the city the Trap went.

It required some little time, but in that circuit the whole place was seen as in a panorama.

Then Frank switched back onto the stone road. The Trap fairly flew up this.

The entire population turned out in chase. But they might as well have spared themselves the trouble.

They could not catch the flying Trap, which soon was miles up the stone road. Frank now declared:

"We have not been able to make friends with the Romans, now let us try the Greeks."

"Perhaps they will be less warlike," ventured the doctor.

"Correct!" cried Frank. "I believe we shall be able to make friends with them: at least we'll try."

The rise of land was soon reached, and the machine went speeding down on her return. But she was not yet out of the woods.

Before many miles had passed in this way, a large party of the plateau natives appeared in a cut. It was certain that they meant to intercept the machine if they could.

Frank took a good glance at them. It irritated him much.

"I hate to destroy them," he muttered. "Why don't the fools get out of the way?"

"They have very little sense," cried the doctor.

"Luk out, Místher Frank," shouted Barney. "Shure, there's a log across the road."

This was true.

They had dragged a huge log across the stoneway. Frank saw with a thrill that he must leave the road.

At such a rate of speed he disliked to do this. The ground on either side looked a trifle marshy.

And so it was, as the immediate catastrophe proved.

With a jolt and a jar the Trap left the smooth road. Out it shot upon the green sward.

It could run fast enough even there, but an unexpected thing happened. Suddenly and without warning the machine pitched forward, gave a terrific lurch, and lay half upon its side.

The dynamo buzzed, every portable thing aboard was hurled about and the voyagers were more or less injured.

It was an exasperating incident.

The forward wheel of the machine had sunk into a mire pit, and here it lay with wheels submerged.

"Golly to' glory!" yelled Pomp, "we've struck hard luck this time. Dat ole dyabul mah' ben' twen' him!"

"Bejabers, it's a pity it didn't take yez in the head instead."

"Hi dar! wha' yo' mean by dat, sah!" spluttered Pomp, angrily.

"Bejabers, yez head ain't quite so soft! Divil a bit wud yez have felt it!"

Pomp grumbled and growled, but said no more. The Celt seemed to have the best of him.

But the position of the Trap was now a serious one.

Of course the mob of plateau natives were delighted. They fancied that their prize was all won.

But there's many a slip and so forth. Barney and Pomp were ready with their Winchesters when the crew came.

At such short range the slaughter was dreadful. The attacking party flung themselves recklessly forward.

But they might as well have attempted to assail Gibraltar. The deadly fire so mysterious withal to them perforce drove them back.

They were valorous when it came to matters of mundane sort. But the superstitious element was strong in their compositions, as it is in the breasts of all ignorant or uneducated peoples.

Baffled and terrified by that which they did not understand, they retreated to the cover of a copse near.

But this was easily within range, and Frank said:

"Dislodge them! We must drive them back to a safe distance."

"You are right," cried Vaneyke, "for reinforcements are coming from the city."

This was seen to be true. So the explorers opened a hot fire upon the copse. Nothing living could stand it and the dark-haired natives were obliged to flee.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.

As they were now beyond bow-shot, Frank felt that the danger was for the nonce over.

So he applied himself to the problem of getting the Trap out of the mire pit. This was no light undertaking.

For a time it was not clearly seen how this was to be done. To attempt it with shovels or scoops would be folly. In fact, it would be impossible, so that was the mire.

Frank Reade, Jr., however, was not long without an expedient.

He would have belied his reputation as an inventor. He went into the lower compartment of the Trap and brought out some heavy coils of cable.

"I put these aboard for just such an exigency as the present," he declared. "It was lucky that I did."

There was no need of extreme haste. A great throng was rushing out of the city below.

Barney and Pomp carried the cable with blocks and tackle to the trunk of a stout eucalyptus tree near. One end of the cable was fastened about this, and the other end connected with the axle of the Trap.

The electric engines were then started. The blocks creaked and groaned, and the wheels whirled in the soft mire throwing it many feet high.

For a few moments it looked as if the experiment was going to be a failure.

But presently the wheels got a grip and the machine moved. Slowly but surely it came out of the mire.

A great cheer went up from the explorers at their success. But they were not a moment too soon.

Hundreds of the plateau people were crowding up the causeway, and Frank knew that such vast numbers might have resulted in the ultimate capture of the Trap.

But there was little danger of that now. He quickly drew the rope and tackle aboard, and the Trap started back to the causeway.

The coast was made clear to the eastward now, and passing around the obstruction, Frank sent the vehicle ahead at a lively rate of speed.

His intention now was to leave the western half of the plateau and pay a visit to that part inhabited by the Greeks, so-called.

Frank believed that they were not so fierce and warlike as the dark-haired race. He imagined that it would not be difficult to make friends with them.

So the trap dashed down the paved road at a rate which soon distanced the pursuers. It was not long before the canyon, by which they had gained the plateau, came into view.

Then they skirted the shores of the lake and emerging from a deep wood, came upon a marvelous scene.

Great jagged peaks and heights, defiles and gorges of solid rock, lay in a conglomerated mass before them. It looked like a veritable Inferno.

The rocks took all sorts of fantastic shapes. There were battlements and buttresses, towers and walls, escarpments and donjons, all like some mighty castle erected by the hands of nature.

At the base of this wonderful region the Trap came to a stop. The voyagers gazed in astonishment.

"On my word!" cried Vaneyke, "it is a natural fortress. It outrivals anything I ever saw before."

"Same here!" agreed Frank; "do you suppose the Greeks live in those fortresses?"

"I'll warrant they do."

"Then let us try and make their acquaintance," said Frank. "I hope they will prove friendly."

"So do I."

The machine was pushed forward and into a little pass. Suddenly there appeared armed men on the rocky wall ahead.

They were of the Greek race as the young inventor saw. The distant sound of horns and rude drums was plainly heard.

In a jiffy the wall swarmed with giant men. They were armed with bows and spears and battle clubs. That they meant business was certain.

They regarded the Trap with evident wonderment. That it was some invention of their Roman foes they felt certain.

Frank, however, ran a white flag up over the pilot-house. Then he stepped boldly out on the front platform and made amicable signs.

This created a sensation among the Saxon-haired warriors. A loud buzz of talk was heard.

Then as they saw that the occupants of the machine were of another race their attitude changed.

Down from the battlements came two of the fair-skinned warriors. One of them was of lordly bearing, and his hair was as white as driven snow.

They came unarmed and with uplifted hands. Frank recognized the truce and descended to meet them.

When not a dozen yards lay between them, the parley was opened. It did not take Frank long to invent a sort of sign language with them.

The Greek truce bearers asked all manner of questions, and were much astonished to learn that the visitors were from the land below the plateau.

They were never aware that the cavern in the canyon led thither, but even if they had known it the laws and religion of their people forbade their leaving the plateau.

Frank told them of his experiences with the Romans, and this seemed to interest and please the Greeks much. They were at once friendly with the visitors.

The white-haired chief explained to Frank as well as he was able by sign talk that his people were not warlike, but that they were constantly obliged to carry arms against the Romans.

The latter vastly outnumbered them, but the Greeks were so securely installed in their mountain fortresses that they could not be dislodged.

In their position one man could hold a dozen at bay.

Many times the savage Romans had attacked the mountain fortress, but they had always been repulsed.

Word had been sent back to the other Greeks that the strange visitors from the world below were friendly. This brought a large number of the Greeks into the defile.

As a result the king or ruler himself came down. He was a mild-mannered giant, with the kindest of ways and treated our explorers in a very friendly way. Frank was delighted to find that he was to become so friendly with these people.

Four or five hundred of the people now filled the gorge. They could not recover from their wonderment at and admiration of the Trap.

Frank showed a number of the dignitaries of the tribe aboard the machine. Then he was invited to visit the mountain city of the Greeks.

A devious way through an intricate pass was followed, until finally they came out into a little pocket among the heights.

Here was the home of these plateau people. There were rude dwellings of stone, and many dwellings were hewn out of the solid rock.

It was as secure and comfortable a retreat as could be imagined, and our travelers were delighted with it.

"I am glad that we have made friends with these people," said Vaneyke. "Now I shall hope to learn much of value concerning their origin."

He proceeded to interrogate the old men of the tribe for the rest of the day.

But not knowing their language made it tedious and difficult work. However, by means of diagrams drawn in the sand and many signs, the scientists learned something.

"They fear a Great Deity," he said, "and they have a well-defined legend of the creation and the flood. In most respects they are good Christians."

"That is remarkable," agreed Frank. "Is it their belief that this has always been the home of their people?"

"No," replied the doctor. "They speak of a distant time when their people came hither from a far land, where they were persecuted by foes."

"But the Romans," asked Frank; "what of them?"

"Now you are getting too deep for me," declared the

scientist. "I have been unable to learn anything about them yet."

Before more could be said, Barney came rushing in, with a wild cry.

"Och, hone, Mither Frank, there's the devil to pay! Thim black-haired rascallions have cum down an' attacked the outer works, sor, an' there's a devil av a foight goin' on!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TOUR OF EXPLORATION.

In an instant Frank was upon his feet.

"Is that true?" he cried, excitedly. "They have followed us here, then?"

"Shure that's it, sor!"

"You can hear distant sounds of conflict," said Vaneyke. "Listen, Frank!"

"I hear it!" replied the young inventor. "Come on, you two; Pomp, stay with the machine. Take your Winchester!"

In a trice the three men were ready. They set off at once to the scene of excitement.

The Greeks were in a state of great commotion. Women and children were rushing to hide in the fastnesses, while the men were going rapidly to the scene of battle.

Climbing over the rocky heights Frank and Barney and Vaneyke quickly came upon the scene.

It was a thrilling one.

An immense body of the Romans had crowded into a gorge and were fighting hand to hand with the Greeks.

They meant to win an entrance. It was possible that they might have succeeded, so sudden was their attack, had it not been for the Winchester.

It was easy for Frank and his companions to take up a commanding position and open a murderous fire. The dark-haired barbarians were mowed down like sheep.

This encouraged the Greeks, who fought lustily. The strange "fire-sticks" of their allies were a source of wonder to them.

For fully an hour the battle raged furiously.

Then the stubborn Romans, leaving heaps of their slain, were forced slowly back.

They finally abandoned the attack.

Their repulse had cost them dear. It was a great victory for the Greeks. But they were not insensible to the fact that they owed much to their allies.

From that moment the latter were the lions of the hour with them. Nothing was too good for them.

Darkness came on. As there was some danger of a night attack, torches and guards were placed in the main pass.

But Frank ran the machine up to a commanding position and sent the rays of the search-light down through the pass.

This was a revelation to the Greeks. The dazzling light, as powerful as the sun, was to them a marvelous thing. They treated it with reverence.

A fete was held in the mountain fortress that night. Our adventurers were the guests of honor.

Barney and Pomp had a high old time. The Greeks brewed a bewitching nectar akin to yellow wine, which just caught the taste of all.

What matter if the two jokers did drink a little more of it than was necessary? It was a special occasion and Frank winked at it.

The next day the Romans renewed the attack feebly. But their repulse was instant and signal.

Frank was responsible for this.

The young inventor believed that he could avert further bloodshed by a determined move. He placed a projectile in the pneumatic gun.

"What are you going to do, Frank?" asked Dr. Vaneyke.

"Put an end to this business," cried the young inventor, grimly.

"Will it not be slaughter?"

"Not necessarily."

Up the gorge the Romans were coming. Frank trained the gun for a jutting part of the canyon wall just in front of them. Then he pressed the button.

The projectile struck the corner of granite. There was a thunderous roar. A great cloud of smoke, fire and debris

rose for an instant. Then down came tons of rock into the gorge.

In confusion the Roman column fell back to avoid the falling stones. Such a phenomenon was to them little short of magical.

It could not be a bolt from the heavens, for they were clear. What manner of men were these who could perform such terrific feats?

It was enough for the savage but credulous barbarians. They retreated in discomfiture and dismay.

But they encamped at what they considered a safe distance, though Frank smiled at this.

"I can dislodge them from there, if necessary," he said, as he measured the distance with his eye.

The Greeks were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to Frank. But the young inventor modestly withdrew to his cabin.

There, later, Vaneyke joined him.

"Well, doctor," said Frank, "we have accomplished the object of our trip, have we not?"

"Most magnificently," replied the scientist, warmly.

"Are you satisfied?"

"I am!"

"I don't see that we can gain anything further by staying here, do you?"

The doctor was staggered.

"Do you intend to return home right away?" he asked.

"When our mission is accomplished: we have visited Raraima. Found the key to the plateau, and made the acquaintance of its two warlike tribes. We know fairly well its topography, but its resources and its flora and fauna are as yet unexplored by us."

"Which is to me the most important of all," declared the doctor.

"I suppose so."

"However, if you are anxious to return home——"

"Not until all the objects of the expedition are accomplished. The only way to do that, as I see, is to take a coast around the entire plateau. Then we ought to encounter enough of its animal life to judge whether there are different or extinct species to be found here."

"Good!" cried Vaneyke. "After that we can go home."

"But we must leave these people if we do that."

"Certainly."

"Suppose then we give the Romans a good drubbing on our way out so that they will not be likely to return and wreak their revenge on the Greeks?"

"I agree with you."

Frank called in the head man of the tribe and acquainted him with his purpose.

Of course, the dignitary was profoundly sorry, but no objection could be raised. The Trap was made ready for leaving the mountain fortress.

Kind farewells were taken of the Greeks, or as our friends now learned the name of the tribe, the Vanoas. Then the machine moved down the pass.

Frank sent several dynamite shells into the camp of the dark-haired barbarians. It caused an instant and incontinent retreat.

Then, after scattering the savage foe, Frank set out to the northward with the Trap.

It could not be over fifty or sixty miles to that verge of the plateau. In the country intervening certainly much animal life must be found.

Into a dense forest the Trap ran.

It became necessary to put blades on the wheels to cut the underbrush so that the machine could get along. For miles progress was made thus.

But suddenly the machine ran out into a clearing.

Vaneyke, who had been constantly on the watch, clutched Frank's arm.

"Look!" he gasped. "Stop the Trap."

Frank jammed the lever down. Before their eyes was an astonishing spectacle.

In the middle of the clearing stood several animals resembling the elk, but they were of giant size.

Indeed, one of them would make three of the ordinary elk.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young inventor, in amazement. "Did you ever see the beat of that!"

Vaneyke was busy making notes.

"If I could get a set of their antlers," he muttered, "they would be worth a fortune at home."

"But we could never carry them aboard the machine," declared Frank.

"Ah, I suppose not. But look!"

The elk had seen the Trap and now took a sudden fright. Away they went, crashing through the forest. They were out of sight in an instant.

Pursuit was idle, so the machine kept on its way. Suddenly, as they were skirting the bank of a small stream, Vaneyke saw something upon the opposite bank which made his heart stand still.

At first he took it for a huge wall of brown rock. But he saw a great, gleaming tusk of ivory as large as the trunk of an ordinary tree, and above it a great eye which seemed fixed upon him in a sleepy fashion.

A mighty mountain of flesh rose up among the foliage. And now the monster was plainly visible.

The scientist gave a gasping cry.

"The megatherium!"

That the elephantine creature was indeed a specimen of the long-supposed to be extinct megatherium there was no doubt. The scientist was much excited.

He made copious notes. Then the huge monster seemed to take a sudden interest in the Trap.

It was deemed safest to be out of its reach, so Frank started the machine on.

For some hours they traveled on. Then nightfall came.

The next day at noon the northern verge of the plateau was reached. From here a great view of the Venezuelan country was had.

For three days the Trap made its way along the northern verge.

Several new and unheard of species of animals were discovered. Also many new plants and trees.

Truly Raraina had preserved much of the antediluvian life which is known only to the modern scientist in the geological drift.

Vaneyke was wholly satisfied, when one day Frank said:

"Suppose we turn our faces homeward. What say you?"

"I am very willing," replied the scientist. "My work is done."

So the Trap was started for the canyon by means of which they had reached the plateau.

They had now been over a week upon the island in the air. It was Frank's purpose to journey northward to Caracas and thence ship home.

One day the Trap came out of the Raraima forest and upon a tableland. Below lay a white-walled city.

They knew now where they were. They came back to the city of the "Romans," so called, and were but a short distance now from the canyon and the outlet of escape from Raraima. Frank started the machine down the steep descent and soon was skirting the plain to the southward.

But from a thicket some of the natives were started. These were seen running toward the town. But nothing further was seen of them from that moment.

Darkness shut down suddenly while they were yet some way from the canyon. The course could have been pursued by electric light.

But Frank decided to camp one more night on the island in the air.

So he made everything ship-shape aboard the vehicle, and in a very short while all had retired to rest except Barney, who was on guard.

The night was balmy and dark as a pocket. It was one of those still, calm evenings, conducive to sleep and the lulling of one's nerves.

Barney could hardly resist the influence. There was no apparent danger at hand, so that fear did not conspire to keep him awake.

Fatal fact. The Celt, for the first time in his life, committed the terrible fault of sleeping at his post.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHICH IS THE END.

We can offer no excuse for Barney's omission. He was culpably at fault.

But the fact remains that he did sleep at his post. And strange figures were flitting in the gloom ghost-like about the Trap.

How long the Celt slept he never knew. When he awoke it was in a rude manner.

Cold fingers clutched his throat. A hiss sounded in his ears. He could not shriek or speak aloud.

All was darkness about him.

But he knew that strange hands held him, and he was picked up and carried from the platform of the wagon.

A few moments later he was bound to a tree.

Then he saw other forms being brought out of the Trap. He knew that they were prisoners like himself, and that they were Frank Reade, Jr., Pomp and Dr. Vaneyke.

All prisoners and the Trap in the power of the dark-haired barbarians. This was the truth.

And the Celt knew that he was the man responsible for it all. He groaned aloud in horror.

"Och, murther, murther!" he whined. "Phwativer shall I do! Shure, Misther Frank will niver fergive! Phwat a fool I am!"

But a voice sounded beside him.

"Barney, is that you?"

It was Frank's stern voice.

"Shure, sor, it is!"

"What happened to you? How did those rogues get aboard the Trap?"

Barney gave a groan.

"Shure, sor, it was all me fault," he said, huskily. "I fell ashleep, sor!"

"What! Asleep at your post?"

"Woe is me, sor!"

"I am surprised at you, Barney," said Frank, angrily. Then he lapsed into silence.

"Golly, I done tink we is done fo'," exclaimed the darky. Pomp; "dey will suah kill us an' take de Trap!"

"Mercy! we are lost!" ejaculated Vaneyke. "Let us, however, hope for the best."

"I hope the divils will kill me an' lave the rist av yez go!" groaned Barney.

But somewhat strangely the "Romans" seemed to forget their prisoners, and occupied themselves with running excitedly over the Trap.

They were so carried away with the enormity of their capture that they could not contain themselves.

Frank Reade, Jr., was in hopeless despair. He saw that the expedition was doomed to end in a terrible failure.

He felt sure that the "Romans" before they got through would destroy the machine and kill their captives. Nothing less could be expected.

Time passed and the barbarians were still engaged in ransacking the machine.

Frank groaned as he thought of the result if they should get hold of any of the dynamite.

It was a great time for the captors. They were in a state of great hilarity.

And thus matters went on until morning came at last.

Then the natives proceeded to make a fire and cook their morning meal. After that they held a council.

Then three of them came up and cut Frank's bonds. He was led before the chief of the tribe.

By means of signs and diagrams they made him a proposition.

It was in substance that if he would show them how to make the Trap go his life would be spared. Frank in reply proposed to make it operate for them.

But the wily leader would not fall into this snare. Frank saw finally that it was of no use to try to argue with them and so he gave it up.

He positively refused their terms.

The result was that the barbarians waxed very angry.

He was hustled back to the tree and tied up again. Then the barbarians went back aboard the Trap.

"What are they going to do?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," said Frank, anxiously. "I have no doubt they will end by smashing the vehicle all to pieces!"

"I suppose so!"

"If, however, they monkey with the keyboard they may set the Trap in motion. Whether they will know how to stop it or not is a question."

"I don't believe they will."

"Then they must take the consequences. Ah!"

Frank writhed in his bonds. He saw the Trap suddenly dart forward.

A dozen of the "Romans" were aboard, and their leader had been examining the keyboard. By the merest chance he turned the lever.

Instantly the vehicle shot forward. Straight out over the plain it went.

"My soul!" cried Dr. Vaneyke, "they will go to destruction. That is toward the verge of the plateau."

The other barbarians started, howling, after the machine. This left our adventurers alone.

"Massy sakes!" cried Pomp. "Dat am de ruin ob de Trap."

"Begorra, they're surely bound to go to smash over the precipice," shouted Barney. "We'll be afther niver gittin' home, now."

"If we could only cut our bonds," ejaculated Frank. "We are alone, we might escape."

"I have a knife in my waistcoat pocket," cried Vaneyke, "if I could only make use of it."

Barney made a superhuman effort to slip his arms out of the bonds. And he succeeded.

"Whurroo!" he shouted, "shure it's meself as will soon get yez out av this!"

With quick hands he untied the cords about his ankles. Then he secured the doctor's knife and liberated the others.

It was a joyful moment.

In ransacking the Trap most happily the barbarians had heaped most of the effects upon the ground near. In their excitement they had gone off and left these.

Among them were the ammunition and weapons. The explorers took each his rifle and as much ammunition as he could carry.

Then they started for the canyon. There was no time to lose.

On they ran at full speed. At any moment they knew that the barbarians would return and give chase.

As to the fate of the Trap they could hazard a guess. When last seen it was headed for the verge of the plateau.

It was hardly likely that the barbarians knew how to stop it, or even to guide it.

In that event it must ere now be at the bottom of the Raraima wall. Certainly it would never survive that fall.

Yet no explosion was heard, as Frank believed would be the case with dynamite aboard. But the explorers did not turn back.

They reached the canyon later in the day.

Down into the cavern they rapidly descended. A half hour later they emerged upon the lower level.

Instinctively all looked up to the dizzy height above.

"My soul!" exclaimed Vaneyke, "if they have fallen all that distance I must pity them."

"They are beyond pity ere this," declared Frank.

"Then you think they went over?"

"Yes!"

"Oh!"

All stood still with a sense of awful horror. For at that moment a terrific explosion rent the air from a point just beyond an angle in the mountain wall. For a moment all were dazed.

"That was it," said Frank, huskily.

"The Trap?" said Vaneyke.

"Yes."

"But——"

"What?"

"I should have reached the verge of the plateau before us."

"That is easily explained," said Frank. "No doubt it made a long detour, steering itself and running at random until it finally went over."

With a common impulse the explorers set out for the spot.

They stumbled on over the rough ground for a quarter of a mile. Then they beheld a terrible scene.

It was a shattered heap of bowlders and pulverized rock, a deep hole in the ground, and the debris scattered over hundreds of feet.

Very little was left of the Trap. It had been wiped out of existence in a flash of time.

Appalled, the adventurers looked at each other.

"Hard luck," said Frank, coolly. "It looks like a walk home."

"Begorra, an' all fer me own fault," groaned Barney.

"It was too bad to see such a wonderful invention destroyed," said Vaneyke.

"Never mind," cried Frank, lightly. "We are clear of the enemy and have our lives. We ought not to find fault. We have sacrificed the Trap, but we have gained our ends. We have explored Raraima."

"Right," cried the Doctor, "but who will recompense you for your loss, Frank?"

"I am fully paid," replied Frank. "Now, let us go home."

"Do you think those raseals went over with her?" asked Vaneyke.

Frank pointed to the mountain wall. There, crushed

against the stone, was a bloody mass. It was part of a man's limb.

This was sufficient answer.

It was easy enough to pick up pieces of the Trap over a large area. But there was nothing worthy of preservation.

As Frank said, there was really nothing left for them to do now but to go home.

This meant a long, arduous tramp through a perilous region. It was proposed to return to Demerara.

But now a new obstacle confronted them.

Not one in the party was able to figure out the proper direction. They had no compass or other instruments to guide them now.

It looked blue for them, indeed. But every cloud has its silver lining. Even their misfortunes were destined to reach an end.

Suddenly, as they were debating the matter, a chorus of cries reached them.

Instinctively they gripped their rifles and sprang up. But their fears vanished.

For there, running towards them, were a number of giant forms. They were the Incas, and Ilulo was at their head.

In a few moments a warm greeting was held. Then Ilulo and his men listened with interest to the story of adventure on the plateau.

"But we are now badly stuck," said Frank, in sign talk. "We know not the way to the Essequibo River."

To Frank's surprise Ilulo expressed his desire to guide the party thither. He knew the country well.

It is needless to say that the offer was accepted with alacrity. The party set forth at once.

And Raraima, the land of magic and mystery, was quickly left behind. There were few regrets.

But our voyagers were destined to remember for many a day their adventures upon the island in the air.

Perhaps, some day, it will be visited again by other explorers. But it is safe to say that their adventures cannot be more exciting.

Steadily through the wilderness the explorers and their giant guides proceeded. Days passed into weeks before they finally reached the Essequibo.

It was now only necessary to follow this river to the sea. So adieu was bid to the faithful Incas.

They returned to the wilds and our friends went on toward the sea.

As soon as they reached the navigable part of the river progress was easy.

They procured passage on a small boat, and in due time reached Demerara.

Here they took a coast steamer for Caracas. Thence they sailed for the port of New York.

They arrived home safely one fine day. With some emotion Vaneyke parted from them here and went on to Washington.

Frank, with Barney and Pomp, returned to Readestown. Nothing daunted, Frank began work on a new invention to take the place of the Trap.

But they remembered for many a day the exciting times and thrilling incidents of their sojourn on the Island in the Air.

THE END.

Read "IN WHITE LATITUDES; or, FRANK READE, JR.'S TEN THOUSAND MILE FLIGHT," which will be the next number (82) of "Frank Reade Weekly Magazine."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

# "HAPPY DAYS,"

The Best Illustrated Weekly Story Paper Published.

**ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.**

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

A New Story Begins Every Week in "Happy Days."

**OUT TO-DAY!**

**OUT TO-DAY!**

## Husky Harry, the Boy of Muscle;

OR,

## WILLING TO WORK HIS WAY.

By JAS. D. MONTAGUE.

Begins in No. 502 of "HAPPY DAYS," Issued May 13, 1904.

**PRICE 5 CENTS.**

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or Will Be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher.** 24 Union Square, New York.

# WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 185 Fred Fearnot in New Mexico; or, Saved by Terry Olcott.  
186 Fred Fearnot in Arkansas; or, The Queerest of All Adventures.  
187 Fred Fearnot in Montana; or, The Dispute at Rocky Hill.  
188 Fred Fearnot and the Mayor; or, The Trouble at Snapping Shoals.  
189 Fred Fearnot's Big Hunt; or, Camping on the Columbia River.  
190 Fred Fearnot's Hard Experience; or, Roughing It at Red Gulch.  
191 Fred Fearnot Stranded; or, How Terry Olcott Lost the Mouey.  
192 Fred Fearnot in the Mountains; or, Held at Bay by Bandits.  
193 Fred Fearnot's Terrible Risk; or, Terry Olcott's Riskless Venture.  
194 Fred Fearnot's Last Card; or, The Game that Saved His Life.  
195 Fred Fearnot and the Professor; or, The Man Who Knew It All.  
196 Fred Fearnot's Big Scoop; or, Beating a Thousand Rivals.  
197 Fred Fearnot and the Raiders; or, Fighting for His Belt.  
198 Fred Fearnot's Great Risk; or, One Chance in a Thousand.  
199 Fred Fearnot as a Sleuth; or, Running Down a Slick Villain.  
200 Fred Fearnot's New Deal; or, Working for a Banker.  
201 Fred Fearnot in Dakota; or, The Little Combination Ranch.  
202 Fred Fearnot and the Road Agents; or, Terry Olcott's Cool Nerve.  
203 Fred Fearnot and the Amazon; or, The Wild Woman of the Plains.  
204 Fred Fearnot's Training School; or, How to Make a Living.  
205 Fred Fearnot and the Stranger; or, The Long Man who was Short.  
206 Fred Fearnot and the Old Trapper; or, Searching for a Lost Cavern.  
207 Fred Fearnot in Colorado; or, Running a Sheep Ranch.  
208 Fred Fearnot at the Ball; or, The Girl in the Green Mask.  
209 Fred Fearnot and the Duellist; or, The Man Who Wanted to Fight.  
210 Fred Fearnot on the Stump; or, Backing an Old Veteran.  
211 Fred Fearnot's New Trouble; or, Up Against a Monopoly.  
212 Fred Fearnot as Marshal; or, Commanding the Peace.  
213 Fred Fearnot and "Wally"; or, The Good Natured Bully of Badger.  
214 Fred Fearnot and the Miners; or, The Trouble At Coppertown.  
215 Fred Fearnot and the "Blind Tigers"; or, More Ways Than One.  
216 Fred Fearnot and the Hindoo; or, The Wonderful Juggler at Coppertown.  
217 Fred Fearnot Snow Bound; or, Fun with Pericles Smith.  
218 Fred Fearnot's Great Fire Fight; or, Rescuing a Prairie School.  
219 Fred Fearnot in New Orleans; or, Up Against the Mafia.  
220 Fred Fearnot and the Haunted House; or, Unraveling a Great Mystery.  
221 Fred Fearnot on the Mississippi; or, The Blackleg's Murderous Plot.  
222 Fred Fearnot's Wolf Hunt; or, A Battle for Life in the Dark.  
223 Fred Fearnot and the "Greaser"; or, The Fight to Death with Lariats.  
224 Fred Fearnot in Mexico; or, Fighting the Revolutionists.  
225 Fred Fearnot's Daring Bluff; or, The Nerve that Saved His Life.  
226 Fred Fearnot and the Grave Digger; or, The Mystery of a Cemetery.  
227 Fred Fearnot's Wall Street Deal; or, Between the Bulls and the Bears.  
228 Fred Fearnot and "Mr. Jones"; or, The Insurance Man in Trouble.  
229 Fred Fearnot's Big Gift; or, A Week at Old Avon.  
230 Fred Fearnot and the "Witch"; or, Exposing an Old Fraud.  
231 Fred Fearnot's Birthday; or, A Big Time at New Era.  
232 Fred Fearnot and the Sioux Chief; or, Searching for a Lost Girl.  
233 Fred Fearnot's Mortal Enemy; or, The Man on the Black Horse.  
234 Fred Fearnot at Canyon Castle; or, Entertaining His Friends.  
235 Fred Fearnot and the Commauche; or, Teaching a Redskin a Lesson.  
236 Fred Fearnot Suspected; or, Trained by a Treasury Sleuth.  
237 Fred Fearnot and the Promoter; or, Breaking Up a Big Scheme.  
238 Fred Fearnot and "Old Grizzly"; or, The Man Who Didn't Know.  
239 Fred Fearnot's Rough Riders; or, Driving Out the Squatters.  
240 Fred Fearnot and the Black Fleud; or, Putting Down a Riot.  
241 Fred Fearnot in Tennessee; or, The Demon of the Mountains.  
242 Fred Fearnot and the "Terror"; or, Calling Down a Bad Man.  
243 Fred Fearnot in West Virginia; or, Helping the Revenue Agents.  
244 Fred Fearnot and His Athletes; or, A Great Charity Tour.  
245 Fred Fearnot's Strange Adventure; or, The Queer Old Man of the Mountain.  
246 Fred Fearnot and the League; or, Up Against a Bad Lot.  
247 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Race; or, Beating a Horse on Foot.  
248 Fred Fearnot and the Wrestler; or, Throwing a Great Champion.  
249 Fred Fearnot and the Bankrupt; or, Ferreting Out a Fraud.  
250 Fred Fearnot as a Redskin; or, Trailing a Captured Girl.  
251 Fred Fearnot and the "Greenhorn"; or, Fooled for Once in His Life.  
252 Fred Fearnot and the Bloodhounds; or, Tracked by Mistake.  
253 Fred Fearnot's Boy Scouts; or, Hot Times in the Rockies.  
254 Fred Fearnot and the Wolf of Wall Street; or, A Smart Boy Broker.  
255 Fred Fearnot's Buffalo Hunt; or, The Gamest Boy in the West.  
256 Fred Fearnot and the Mill Boy; or, A Desperate Dash for Life.  
257 Fred Fearnot's Great Trotting Match; or, Beating the Record.  
258 Fred Fearnot and the Hidden Marksman; or, The Mystery of Thunder Mountain.  
259 Fred Fearnot's Boy Champion; or, Fighting for His Rights.  
260 Fred Fearnot and the Money Klug; or, A Big Deal in Wall Street.  
261 Fred Fearnot's Gold Hunt; or, The Boy Trappers of Goose Lake.  
262 Fred Fearnot and the Ranch Boy; or, Lively Times with the Broncho Busters.  
263 Fred Fearnot after the Sharpers; or, Exposing a Desperate Game.  
264 Fred Fearnot and the Firebugs; or, Saving a City.  
265 Fred Fearnot in the Lumber Camps; or, Hustling in the Backwoods.  
266 Fred Fearnot and the Orphan; or, The Luck of a Plucky Boy.  
267 Fred Fearnot at Forty Mile Creek; or, Knocking About in the West.  
268 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Speculator; or, From a Dollar to a Million.  
269 Fred Fearnot's Canoe Club; or, A Trip on the Mississippi.  
270 Fred Fearnot and the Errand Boy; or, Bound to Make Money.  
271 Fred Fearnot's Cowboy Guide; or, The Perils of Death Valley.  
272 Fred Fearnot and the Sheep Herders; or, Trapping the Rauch Robbers.  
273 Fred Fearnot on the Stage; or, Before the Footlights for Charity.  
274 Fred Fearnot and the Masked Band; or, The Fate of the Mountain Express.  
275 Fred Fearnot's Trip to Frisco; or, Trapping the Chinese Opium Smugglers.  
276 Fred Fearnot and the Widow's Son; or, The Worst Boy in New York.  
277 Fred Fearnot Among the Rustlers; or, The "Bad" Men of Bald Mountain.  
278 Fred Fearnot and his Dog; or, The Boy who Ran for Congress.  
279 Fred Fearnot on the Plains; or, Trimming the Cowboys.  
280 Fred Fearnot and the Stolen Chain; or, Rounding Up the Guleh Gang.  
281 Fred Fearnot's Boy; or, Selling Tips on Shares.  
282 Fred Fearnot and The Girl Ranch Owner, And How She Held Her Own.  
283 Fred Fearnot's Newsboy Friend; or, A Hero in Rags.  
284 Fred Fearnot in the Gold Fields; or Exposing the Claim "Salters."

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....  
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos. ....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos. ....  
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos. ....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos. ....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos. ....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos. ....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos. ....  
Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Towsy.*

No. 277.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE BLACK HOUNDS; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDAS MINE.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 190 The Bradys and the Blind Beggar; or, The Worst Crook of All.  
191 The Bradys and the Bankbreakers; or, Working the Thugs of Chicago.  
192 The Bradys and the Seven Skulls; or, The Crew That Was Ponad in the Barn.  
193 The Bradys in Mexico; or, The Search for the Aztec Treasure House.  
194 The Bradys at Black Run; or, Trailing the Coiners of Caudle Creek.  
195 The Bradys Among the Bulls and Bears; or, Working the Wires in Wall Street.  
196 The Bradys and the King; or, Working for the Bank of England.  
197 The Bradys and the Duke's Diamonds; or, The Mystery of the Yacht.  
198 The Bradys and the Red Rock Mystery; or, Working in the Black Hills.  
199 The Bradys and the Card Crooks; or, Working on an Ocean Liner.  
200 The Bradys and "John Smith"; or, The Man Without a Name.  
201 The Bradys and the Manhunters; or, Down in the Dismal Swamp.  
202 The Bradys and the High Rock Mystery; or, The Secret of the Seven Steps.  
203 The Bradys at the Black House; or, Rustling the Rustlers on the Frontier.  
204 The Bradys in Baxter Street; or, The House Without a Door.  
205 The Bradys' Midnight Call; or, The Mystery of Harlem Heights.  
206 The Bradys Behind the Bars; or, Working on Blackwell's Island.  
207 The Bradys and the Brewer's Bonds; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.  
208 The Bradys on the Bowery; or, The Search for a Missing Girl.  
209 The Bradys and the Pawnbroker; or, A Very Mysterious Case.  
210 The Bradys and the Gold Fakirs; or, Working for the Mint.  
211 The Bradys at Bonanza Bay; or, Working on a Million Dollar Crew.  
212 The Bradys and the Black Riders; or, The Mysterious Murder at Wildtowa.  
213 The Bradys and Senator Slam; or, Working With Washington Crooks.  
214 The Bradys and the Man from Nowhere; or, Their Very Hardest Case.  
215 The Bradys and "No. 99"; or, The Search for a Mad Millionaire.  
216 The Bradys at Baffin's Bay; or, The Trail Which Led to the Arctic.  
217 The Bradys and Gim Lee; or, Working a Crew in Chinatown.  
218 The Bradys and the "Yegg" Men; or, Seeking a Crew on the Road.  
219 The Bradys and the Blind Banker; or, Ferretting Out the Wall Street Thieves.  
220 The Bradys and the Black Cat; or, Working Among the Card Crooks of Chicago.  
221 The Bradys and the Texas Oil King; or, Seeking a Crew in the Southwest.  
222 The Bradys and the Night Hawk; or, New York at Midnight.  
223 The Bradys to the Bad Lands; or, Hot Work in South Dakota.  
224 The Bradys at Breakneck Hall; or, The Mysterious House on the Harlem.  
225 The Bradys and the Fire Marshal; or, Hot Work in Hornersville.  
226 The Bradys and the Three Sheriffs; or, Doing a Turn in Tennessee.  
227 The Bradys and the Opium Smugglers; or, A Hot Trail on the Pacific Coast.  
228 The Bradys' Boomerang; or, Shaking Up the Wall Street Wire Tappers.  
229 The Bradys Among the Rockies; or, Working Away Out West.  
230 The Bradys and Judge Lynch; or, After the Arkansas Terror.  
231 The Bradys and the Bagg Boys; or, Hustling in the Black Hills.

- 232 The Bradys and Captain Bangs; or, The Mystery of a Mississippi Steamer.  
233 The Bradys in Maiden Lane; or, Tracking the Diamond Crooks.  
234 The Bradys and Wells Fargo Case; or, The Mystery of the Montana Mail.  
235 The Bradys and "Bowery Bill"; or, The Crooks of Cook Alley.  
236 The Bradys at Bushel Bend; or, Smoking Out the Chinese Smugglers.  
237 The Bradys and the Messenger Boy; or, The A. H. T. Mystery.  
238 The Bradys and the Wire Gang; or, The Great Race-Track Swindle.  
239 The Bradys Among the Mormons; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.  
240 The Bradys and "Fancy Frank"; or, The Velvet Gang of Flood Bar.  
241 The Bradys at Battle Cliff; or, Chased Up the Grand Canyon.  
242 The Bradys and "Mustang Mike"; or, The Man With the Branded Hand.  
243 The Bradys at Gold Hill; or, The Mystery of the Man from Montana.  
244 The Bradys and Pilgrim Pete; or, The Tough Sports of Terror Gulch.  
245 The Bradys and the Black Eagle Express; or, The Fate of the Elisco Flyer.  
246 The Bradys and Hi-Lo-Jak; or, Dark Deeds in Chinatown.  
247 The Bradys and the Texas Rangers; or, Rounding up the Green Goods Fakirs.  
248 The Bradys and "Simple Sue"; or, The Keno Queen of Sawdust City.  
249 The Bradys and the Wall Street Wizard; or, the Cash That Did Not Come.  
250 The Bradys and Cigarette Charlie; or, the Smoothest Crook in the World.  
251 The Bradys at Bandit Gulch; or, From Wall Street to the Far West.  
252 The Bradys in the Foot Hills; or, The Blue Band of Hard Luck Gulch.  
253 The Bradys and Brady the Banker; or, The Secret of the Old Santa Fe Trail.  
254 The Bradys' Graveyard Case; or, Dealings With Doctor Death.  
255 The Bradys and "Lonely Luke"; or, The Hard Gang of Hard-scrabble.  
256 The Bradys and Tombstone Tom; or, A Hurry Call from Arizona.  
257 The Bradys' Backwoods Trail; or, Landing the Log Rollers Gag.  
258 The Bradys and "Joe Jigger"; or, The Crew in the Convict Camp.  
259 The Bradys at Madman's Roost; or, A Crew from the Golden Gate.  
260 The Bradys and the Border Band; or, Six Weeks' Work Along the Line.  
261 The Bradys in Sample City; or, The Gang of the Silver Seven.  
262 The Bradys' Mott Street Mystery; or, The Case of Mrs. Ching Chow.  
263 The Bradys' Black Butte Raid; or, Trailing the Idaho "Terror."  
264 The Bradys and Jockey Joe; or, Crooked Work at the Race Track.  
265 The Bradys at Kicking Horse Canyon; or, Working for the Canadian Pacific.  
266 The Bradys and "Black Jack"; or, Tracking the Negro Crooks.  
267 The Bradys' Wild West Crew; or, Knocking About Nevada.  
268 The Bradys' Dash to Deadwood; or, A Mystery of the Black Hills.  
269 The Bradys and "Happy Hank"; or, The Silver Gang of Shasta.  
270 The Bradys and Dr. Dockery; or, The Secret Band of Seven.  
271 The Bradys' Western Raid; or, Trailing a "Bad" Man to Texas.  
272 The Bradys at Fort Yuma; or, The Mix-Up With the "King of Mexico."  
273 The Bradys and the Bond King; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.  
274 The Bradys and Fakir Fred; or, The Mystery of the County Fair.  
275 The Bradys' California Call; or, Hot Work in Hangtown.  
276 The Bradys' Million Dollar Camp; or, Rough Times in Battlesake Canyon.  
277 The Bradys and the Black Hounds; or, The Mystery of the Midas Mine.  
278 The Bradys Up Bad River; or, After the Worst Man of All.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

- .... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....

# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 234 The Rival Rangers; or, The Sons of Freedom. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.  
235 Old Sixty-Nine; or, The Prince of Engineers. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
236 Among the Fire-Worshippers; or, Two New York Boys in Mexico. By Howard Austin.  
237 Jack Wright and his Electric Sea Motor; or, The Search for a Drifting Wreck. By "Noname."  
238 Twenty Years on an Island; or, The Story of a Castaway. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.  
239 Colorado Carl; or, The King of the Saddle. By An Old Scout.  
240 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Darling Young Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
241 Ice-Bound; or, Among the Floes. By Berton Bertrew.  
242 Jack Wright and His Ocean Sleuth-Hound; or, Tracking an Under-Water Treasure. By "Noname."  
243 The Fatal Glass; or, The Traps and Snares of New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.  
244 The Maniac Engineer; or, A Life's Mystery. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
245 Jack Wright and His Electric Locomotive; or, The Lost Mine of Death Valley. By "Noname."  
246 The Ten Boy Scouts. A Story of the Wild West. By An Old Scout.  
247 Young Hickory, the Spy; or, Man, Woman, or Boy. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.  
248 Dick Bangle, the Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).  
249 A New York Boy in the Soudan; or, The Mahdi's Slave. By Howard Austin.  
250 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloon Ship; or, 30,000 Leagues Above the Earth. By "Noname."  
251 The Game-Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
252 Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1; or, Always at His Post. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
253 The Waifs of New York. By N. S. Woods (The Young American Actor).  
254 Jack Wright and His Dandy of the Deep; or, Driven Afloat in the Sea of Fire. By "Noname."  
255 In the Sea of Ice; or, The Perils of a Boy Whaler. By Berton Bertrew.  
256 Mad Anthony Wayne, the Hero of Stony Point. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.  
257 The Arkansas Scout; or, Fighting the Redskins. By An Old Scout.  
258 Jack Wright's Demon of the Plains; or, Wild Adventures Among the Cowboys.  
259 The Merry Ten; or, The Shadows of a Social Club. By Jno. B. Dowd.  
260 Dan Driver, the Boy Engineer of the Mountain Express; or, Railroadng on the Denver and Rio Grande.  
261 Silver Sam of Santa Fe; or, The Lions' Treasure Cave. By An Old Scout.  
262 Jack Wright and His Electric Torpedo Ram; or, The Sunken City of the Atlantic. By "Noname."  
263 The Rival Schools; or, Fighting for the Championship. By Allyn Draper.  
264 Jack Reef, the Boy Captain; or, Adventures on the Ocean. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.  
265 A Boy in Wall Street; or, Dick Hatch, the Young Broker. By H. K. Shackelford.  
266 Jack Wright and his Iron-Clad Air Motor; or, Searching for a Lost Explorer. By "Noname."  
267 The Rival Base Ball Clubs; or, The Champions of Columbia Academy. By Allyn Draper.  
268 The Boy Cattle King; or, Frank Fordham's Wild West Ranch. By an Old Scout.  
269 Wide Awake Will, The Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3; or, Fighting the Flames for Fame and Fortune. By ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
270 Jack Wright and His Electric Tricycle; or, Fighting the Stranglers of the Crimson Desert. By "Noname."  
271 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).  
272 Sitting Bull's Last Shot; or, The Vengeance of an Indian Policeman. By Pawnee Bill.  
273 The Haunted House on the Harlem; or, The Mystery of a Missing Man. By Howard Austin.  
274 Jack Wright and His Ocean Plunger; or, The Harpoon Hunters of the Arctic. By "Noname."  
275 Claim 33; or, The Boys of the Mountain. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
276 The Road to Ruin; or, The Snares and Temptations of New York. By Jno. B. Dowd.  
277 A Spy at 16; or, Fighting for Washington and Liberty. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.  
278 Jack Wright's Flying Torpedo; or, The Black Demons of Dismal Swamp. By "Noname."  
279 High Ladder Harry, The Young Fireman of Freeport; or, Always at the Top. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
280 100 Chests of Gold; or, The Aztecs' Buried Secret. By Richard R. Montgomery.  
281 Pat Malloy; or, An Irish Boy's Pluck and Luck. By Allyn Draper.  
282 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Ghost; or, A Strange Under Water Journey. By "Noname."  
283 Sixty Mile Sam; or, Bound to be on Time. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
284 83 Degrees North Latitude; or, the Handwriting in the Iceberg. By Howard Austin.  
285 Joe, The Actor's Boy; or, Famous at Fourteen. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).  
286 Dead For 5 Years; or, The Mystery of a Madhouse. By Allyn Draper.  
287 Broker Bob; or, The Youngest Operator in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.  
288 Boy Pards; or, Making a Home on the Border. By An Old Scout.  
289 The Twenty Doctors; or, the Mystery of the Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.  
290 The Boy Cavalry Scout; or, Life in the Saddle. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.  
291 The Boy Firemen; or, "Stand by the Machine." By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
292 Rob, the Runaway; or, From Office Boy to Partner. By Allyn Draper.  
293 The Shattered Glass; or, A Country Boy in New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.  
294 Lightning Lew, the Boy Scout; or, Perils in the West. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.  
295 The Gray House on the Rock; or, The Ghosts of Ballentyne Hall. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
296 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School. By Howard Austin.  
297 Captain Jack Tempest; or, The Prince of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.  
298 Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bareback Rider. By Berton Bertrew.  
299 An Engineer at 16; or, The Prince of the Lightning Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
300 To the North Pole in a Balloon. By Berton Bertrew.  
301 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom. By An Old Scout.  
302 From the Street; or, The Fortunes of a Bootblack. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).  
303 Old Pntnam's Pet; or, The Young Patriot Spy. A Story of the Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.  
304 The Boy Speculators of Brookton; or, Millionaires at Nineteen. By Allyn Draper.  
305 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi. By Howard Austin.  
306 The Downward Path; or, The Road to Ruin. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.  
307 Up From the Ranks; or, From Corporal to General. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.  
308 Expelled From School; or, The Rebels of Beechdale Academy. By Allyn Draper.  
309 Larry, the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
310 The Brand of Siberia; or, The Boy Trader of the Steppes. By Allan Arnold.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....190  
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....  
Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea, and in the Air.

BY "NONAME."

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOMELY ILLUMINATED COVER.

A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR FIVE CENTS.

All our readers know Frank Reade, Jr., the greatest inventor of the age, and his two fun-loving chums, Barney and Pomp. The stories published in this magazine contain a true account of the wonderful and exciting adventures of the famous inventor, with his marvellous flying machines, electrical overland engines, and his extraordinary submarine boats. Each number is a rare treat. Tell your newsdealer to get you a copy.

## LATEST ISSUES.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 25 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Ice Ship; or, Driven Adrift in the Frozen Sky.             | 52 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in the Air.                           |
| 26 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Sea Engine; or, Hunting for a Sunken Diamond Mine.                | 53 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls.             |
| 27 The Black Range; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Cowboys with His Electric Caravan.           | 54 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr. Lost in the Soudan.                    |
| 28 Over the Andes with Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.       | 55 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth.    |
| 29 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a Submarine Monstrosity; or, Lost at the Bottom of the Sea.       | 56 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise.                        |
| 30 Adrift in Africa; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Ivory Hunters with His New Electric Wagon.  | 57 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Tour With His Bicycle Car.                |
| 31 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.                            | 58 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His Air-Ship.     |
| 32 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.          | 59 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."             |
| 33 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Cañon.                    | 60 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City.          |
| 34 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip.        | 61 Latitude 90 Degrees; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.              |
| 35 Lost in the Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and his Wonder, the "Dart."                | 62 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream. |
| 36 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.                   | 63 Across Australia with Frank Reade, Jr.; or, in His New Electric Car.                    |
| 37 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip with the "Scud."         | 64 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight.                       |
| 38 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles.  | 65 Under the Equator; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.                    |
| 39 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Southwest.         | 66 Astray in the Selvas; or, The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., in South America.   |
| 40 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Aerial Trip with the "Flash."                    | 67 In the Wild Man's Land; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Heart of Australia.           |
| 41 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Snow Cutter.                            | 68 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip Across Africa.                         |
| 42 Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Buckboard; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.            | 69 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip.                            |
| 43 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Famous Flight With His Air Ship.              | 70 Across the Earth; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Trip with His New Air Ship.             |
| 44 Frank Reade Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin." | 71 Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.     |
| 45 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.                      | 72 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip in a Strange Country.  |
| 46 To the End of the Earth; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.                          | 73 The Transient Lake; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Adventures in a Mysterious Country.          |
| 47 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Voyage Under the Sea.                               | 74 The Galleon's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.                             |
| 48 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, the Search for the Lost Savants.                      | 75 The Lost Caravan; or, Frank Reade, Jr., on the Staked Plains.                           |
| 49 Frank Reade, Jr. Fighting the Terror of the Coast.  | 76 Adrift in Asia With Frank Reade, Jr.  |
| 50 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.            | 77 Under the Indian Ocean With Frank Reade, Jr.  |
| 51 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim.           | 78 Along the Orinoco; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in Venezuela.                             |
|  | 79 The Lost Navigators; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Mid-Air Search.                             |
|  | 80 Six Sunken Pirates; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Adventures in the Deep Sea.        |
|  | 81 The Island in the Air; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to the Tropics.                      |
|  | 82 In White Latitudes; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Ten Thousand Mile Flight.                    |

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. . . . . 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find . . . . . cents for which please send me:

. . . . . copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos. . . . .  
" " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos. . . . .  
" " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos. . . . .  
" " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos. . . . .  
" " SECRET SERVICE, Nos. . . . .  
" " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos. . . . .  
" " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos. . . . .

Name. . . . . Street and No. . . . . Town. . . . . State. . . . .